

HACKER'S CREEK JOURNAL

Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants A Historical &
Genealogical Society of Central West Virginia
Volume XXXIV Issue 1, 2015-2016

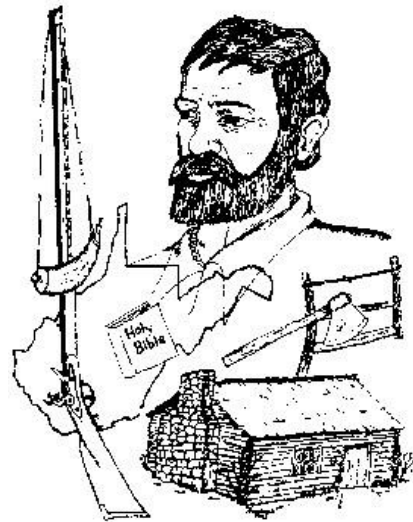


TABLE OF CONTENTS

Officers	5
From the Desk of the Director.....	6
In Memory of.....	7
Letters, We Get Letters.....	10
Jesse Hughes' Dauntless Daughter.....	11
Joseph Bennett's Signature.....	16
As Published Many Years Ago.....	18
Who Was Greta Proudfoot.....	19
An American Small Town Doctor.....	19
Passing of Loyal Reger.....	27
Happy Cemetery Searching.....	28
The Annual Garden.....	29
A Surprising Discovery.....	37
Queries.....	41
Index.....	44

HCPD MEMBERSHIP FORM

For office use: Date _____ Check # _____ Code _____ Back Issues _____ Membership Card _____ Packet _____

We hereby apply for \$35 regular (OR) \$40 on-line membership in The Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants.

I include a _____ donation. Please place \$ _____ in the general fund, \$ _____ in the cemetery maintenance fund; and/or \$ _____ in the building fund.

Miss/Mrs./Mr. _____ Surname _____ Given Name _____ Middle Name _____ Spouse _____

Address _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____ Zip Code (9 digits please) _____

Telephone (_____) _____ Master Card/Visa No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Discover/Am. Express _____

E-Mail: _____

Families I am researching: _____

Hacker's Creek Journal is published biannually in March and October depending upon availability of material to publish by the Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants.

Additional information/articles will be available as submissions permit on the "Members Only" portion of the website: www.hackerscreek.com

Manuscript Submissions

While electronic stories submitted by e-mail is preferable, other typed material may be submitted. Material for publication should be e-mailed to addressed to Journal Editor and mailed to HCPD at the address below. Material must be received by mid-February for April issue and mid-August for October issue.

Membership

For HCPD membership information, see the Membership Form in back of Journal.

HCPD Mailing Address:

Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants
45 Abbotts Run Road, Horner, WV
26372.

Office Hours

Thurs. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.;
Mon., Tues., Wed. & Fri. 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Sat. 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

The HCPD office is closed on National, State, and Local Election Days
and on the following holidays:

Good Friday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day,
Thanksgiving weekend; Christmas dates to be announced

Phone & Internet:

Telephone: (304) 269-7091 Fax: (304) 269-4430

E-mail: hcpd@hackerscreek.com

HCPD Website: <http://www.hackerscreek.com>

Executive Director: Patty Lesondak

Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants Board

PRESIDENT

Randall Nicholson
307 Cottage Avenue
Weston, WV 26452
(304) 269-1015
renich0217@gmail.com

VICE-PRESIDENT

Mary Creamer
446 Park Street
Morgantown, WV 26505
(304) 216-5721
GodivaM@comcast.net

SECRETARY

Elaine Allman Coulter
28 Dayton Park Road
Philippi, WV 26416
(304) 457-2130
ALLMAN@msn.com

TREASURER

Betty Ann Nicholson
307 Cottage Avenue
Weston, WV 26452
(304) 269-1015
banicholson@shentel.net

LIBRARIAN

Audrey Mick Brown
111 Mulberry Street
Weston, WV 26452
(304) 269-1142
AudreyBrenneman@frontier.com

EDITOR

Joy De Fazio
8017 Southern Avenue
Stonewood, WV 26301
(304) 969-9179
joy41941@frontier.com

JUNIOR PAST PRESIDENT

CARY L. WILLIAMS

376 Keister Hollow
Weston WV 26452
(304) 269-4952
WilliCLW@aol.com

Bertha Allman
RR 4 Box 264D
Philippi, WV 26416
(304) 457-4170
Allmanmnb@msn.com

Doris Dean
PO Box 428
Jane Lew, WV 26378
(304) 884-7284

Eva Newlon
109 Rebrook Street
Clarksburg, WV 26301
(304) 622-6142
elnew109@ma.rr.com

Howard Smith
189 Bond Street
Clarksburg, WV 26301
(304) 801-2030
bud.threemigos@gmail.com

Ann Wilfong
8098 Copley Road
Weston, WV 26452

From the Desk

of the Director



Dear Members

We at HCPD are so thankful for the beautiful spring weather. The only problem with the nice weather comes a ton of outside work to do, but it is also a great time to relax on the porch. Sadly I don't think people have that community spirit of relaxing and visiting with neighbors and friends. We have become so attached to our electronic devices that we don't enjoy the simple pleasures of life. Life today just seems so busy, and we are in overload. As a child I do remember visiting my grandparents. We would sit on the porch and smell the sweet aroma of the flowers, swing in the swing, hear the crickets and see the lightening bugs light up the air. The adults would sing hymns or talk about the adventures of the farm. Such wonderful memories! What kind of memories are we passing down?

It is a busy time at HCPD planning and working on the upcoming events. The major event is of course the Gathering in August. You should have the info you need in this Journal about the Gathering. We hope to have a huge turnout!

Please be sure to let me know if you change your email address. I do try to send out monthly emails to update members on what's going on in the organization. If you do not have email I will send a letter by snail mail. You also need to add our email address hcpd@hackerscreek.com) to your contact list so the email doesn't end up in the junk/spam file.

Don't be a stranger! Stop in and visit when you can, or call me at (304) 269-7091, email me at hcpd@hackerscreek.com if you have any questions or suggestions.

Patty Lesondak



IN MEMORY OF



DR. LEWIS NEIL JOHNSON

Neil **JOHNSON** of Broadview Hts., OH, passed away peacefully in his home on April 20, 2015 in Leesburg, Florida at the age of 74. Neil was the youngest son of the late Charles M. and Lillian **JOHNSON** (nee **WRIGHT**). Neil is survived by his beloved wife of nearly 53 years, Joyce (nee **WAYBRIGHT**); son Michael (wife Jenny) and daughter-in-law Julie. He was a loving Grandpa to his grandchildren, Zachary, Julia, Lauren, Bryan, Leah, Lillian and Seth. Neil is also survived by brothers Gene (wife Letty), James (wife Mildred), sister-in-law Bonnie **WRIGHT** and many loving nieces, nephews and cousins. Neil was preceded in death by his sister Lea Ann, his brother John T. and his son Bryan. Neil was a committed educator, community leader and an avid world traveler. He was a veteran of the U.S. Navy. Final resting place of Neil's remains was not given in the obituary.

Note: Neil's father, Charles **JOHNSON**, and brother, John T., both influenced the founding of HCPD. Charlie was the driving force who started co-founder Joy **GILCHIRST DEFAZIO** on what rapidly became her passion: Genealogy, with a capital G! John T. taught genealogy to many of the charter members of HCPD both before and after HCPD was founded in 1982.dpuf

EDWARD LEE "BUD" ALLMAN

Edward Lee "Bud" **ALLMAN**, age 91, of Bridgeport, WV, passed away on Tuesday, November 3, 2015, in Martinsburg, WV, where he was being cared for at his stepson Keith **SCHWEINBRATEN**'s home.

Mr. **ALLMAN** was born on October 30, 1924, in Clarksburg, a son of the late Orval Lee and Freda Mae (**DAY**) **ALLMAN**.

Bud is survived by his stepchildren: Gustav Keith **SCHWEINBRATEN** and his wife Angelique of Martinsburg, and Marilyn Sue **SMITH** of Beckley; grandchildren: Cade, Ty, Tasman and Peydon **SMITH**, and Taylor and Nathan **SCHWEINBRATEN**; one brother, David D. **ALLMAN** and his wife Wilma of Clarksburg; a sister-in-law, Sue Ann **ALLMAN** of Clarksburg; and several nieces and nephews.

In addition to his parents, Mr. **ALLMAN** was preceded in death by his first wife, Jeanne Marie (**SAYLER**) **ALLMAN** in 1995, and then in 2012, by his second wife, Patricia Ann **SCHWEINBRATEN ALLMAN**; as well as two sisters, Mary K. **HORNER** and Betty J. **FLINT**; and one brother, James R. **ALLMAN**.

Bud served his country during WWII in the Navy Seabees, as a payroll clerk stationed at Manila Bay. He was co-owner of **ALLMAN BROTHERS GROCERY STORE** in Clarksburg for 25 years and then was a bookkeeper for **CLARKSBURG DRUG COMPANY** for 20 years. He enjoyed tropical fish, his birds and collecting antiques.

He spent countless hours doing genealogy research as well. With his first wife, Jeanne, he photographed many of the historic markers in Lewis County. He also served on the HCPD board of directors for a number of years.

Bud was a member of the Bridgeport United Methodist Church, along with his wife Patty. Funeral services were conducted with Rev. Ken **RAMSEY** presiding. Interment followed at Sunset Memorial Park, Clarksburg.

CARROLL BENNETT WESTFALL



Carroll **BENNETT WESTFALL**, 92, of Lower Burrell died Friday, Feb. 5, 2016, after a brief period in the Shock Trauma Unit at Allegheny General Hospital following an accident. Carroll was the son of the late Reverends Homer and Esther **WESTFALL**, of Sago, W. Va. He was the beloved husband of Deborah L. **WESTFALL**; father of David (Kathleen) **WESTFALL**, Paul (Anna) **WESTFALL**, Ann (Sally) **WESTFALL** and Carol **WESTFALL**; brother of Dennis **WESTFALL**; and is also survived by two grandchildren. Carroll was a gifted art restorer and artist who worked in the Greater Pittsburgh area for more than 60 years. His bravery in battle during World War II as an Army infantry first scout earned him the Bronze Star, two Silver Stars and several combat infantry medals. After his stint in the Army, he was rewarded with a trip to the French Riviera and given the opportunity to continue his art education at the Wharton Technical School in Wharton, England. Upon his return to the United States, he then embarked on his art career, working mainly Old Master's Paintings for both corporate and private collectors. He continued working alongside his wife, Deborah, doing the one thing that gave him the most joy the restoring fine works of art.

According to an article in Tribune-Review newspaper, Pittsburgh, Carroll was an artists, even as a young boy in West Virgini. He won free art classes once by drawing pictures for a contest in a magazine.

During WWII, he "served as a first scout in the Army, a dangersous job. He ran out in front of advancing troops to find the enemy and alert the soldiers.

Information on Mr. **WESTFALL** was provided by Don **SCHAUB** of Columbus, OH.

LORA RUTH HURST



Lora Ruth **HURST**, 89, of Warren, OH passed away Sunday, January 17, 2016, at St. Joseph Warren Hospital. She was born February 14, 1926, in Salem, WV, the daughter of the late Dorsey and Lillie (**PARRISH**) **HURST**.

Lora was a 1944 graduate from Warren G. Harding High School. She graduated in 1947 from Mount Union College with her A.B. Degree in history, physical education, math, English and high school teaching certificate. Lora also attended the University of Colorado and finished her graduate work in physical education in 1949. In 1953 Lora graduated from Kent State University with her M.A. Degree in history and physical education. In 1961 she completed graduate work beyond M.A. and received a Counseling Certificate from Kent State University. Lora received the following certificates: Permanent Teaching Certificate in history, physical education, math and English; Permanent Educational Professional Counselor; and Ohio Certification as a counselor and social worker. Lora enjoyed 40 years in the education system.

She began teaching 1947, where she taught at Westlake High School, Westlake, OH, from 1952 - 1957, she was a Professor and Director of Physical Education at Notre Dame College South Euclid, OH; and finally from 1957- 1989, she taught at the Charles F. Brush High School in Lyndhurst, OH.

She is survived by her nephews Ken (Carolyn) **HURST** of Roaming Shores, OH and Neil **HURST** of Akron, OH; sister-in-law, June **HURST** of Akron, OH; and several great nieces and nephews. Besides her parents Lora was preceded in death by her brothers, John Edward "Brooks" **HURST**, Elgin "Bud" **HURST**, Willard **HURST** and Robert **HURST**; and sister-in-law, Barbara **HURST**. Services were held on Friday, January 22, 2016 at Carl W. Hall Funeral Home, where Rev. Mary Ann Short officiated. Interment was in Oakwood Cemetery, Warren, OH. –

The HCPD staff only recently learned of the passing of two of our members: Ann L. **LINE** and Martha **EMBREY**. Their obituaries follow:

LINE , Ann L. On August 23, 2006 Ann L. **LINE**, beloved wife of the late Conrad **LINE**; dear mother of David **LINE** and his wife Elizabeth, the late Larry **LINE** and Linda **LUDWIG**; cherished grandmother of Ashley and Christopher **LUDWIG**, Melissa, Jeremy, and Lindsey **LINE**; great-grandmother of Alexia and Taylor **LUDWIG**; dear and devoted aunt of Bonnie **KRIZEK**, Nancy **SMITH** and Michael **MINITOR**. Friends may call at the family owned Evans Chapel of Memories-Parkville on Friday 3-5 and 7-9 p.m. A funeral service will be held 1 p.m. Saturday. Interment Parkwood Cemetery.



MARTHA ANN LINGER EMBREY
(Age 84)

of Buckhannon, WV, passed away peacefully June 20, 2015 in Morgantown, WV. She was born December 22, 1930 in Weston, On April 10, 1954, she married Raymond Lee **EMBREY** who preceded her in death on November 30, 2010. She is survived by two sons Allan **EMBREY** and wife Angela of Morgantown, Larry **EMBREY** and wife Beth of Scott Depot, WV; one daughter Ann Junkins and husband David of Annapolis, MD. She was the proud grandmother five grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Martha graduated from Weston High School in 1948 and West Virginia Wesleyan College, in 1952. Martha moved to Washington, D.C. where she was employed by the U.S. Department of Defense at the Pentagon. She was a member of the Eastern Star in Washington, D.C. She returned to WV in 1966, and Martha and Ray were the owners/operators of the Montgomery Ward Agency in Buckhannon from 1968-1986. She was an avid reader, and enjoyed traveling, movies and flower arranging. Friends were received Monday, June 22, 2015 at the Poling-St Clair Funeral Home. A funeral service was held 10 a.m. on Tuesday at the funeral home with the Rev. Craig **FALKENSTINE** officiating. Burial followed at the Georgetown United Methodist Cemetery in Horner, WV.

LETTERS, WE GET LETTERS

- from Connie **CLEVENGER MAJKA**

I just wanted to send you a note of thanks for your help several months ago sending me a copy of a Deed that I needed to help with my proof for my application to the Mayflower Society:

On Christmas Eve I received an e-mail from my Maryland State Historian stating that my Mayflower Application was approved by the General Society of Mayflower Descendants in Plymouth, Massachusetts:

I am sure your help and kindness certainly helped me prove my relationship to my 10th Great Grandfather Captain Myles **STANDISH** of the Mayflower.

Myles **STANDISH** m. Barbara unknown

Josiah **STANDISH** M. Sarah **ALLEN**

Josiah **STANDISH** m. Sarah **CARY**

Mehitable **STANDISH** m. Jabez **ROOD**

Josiah **STANDISH ROOD** m. Mary **FOSTER**

Alpheus **ROOD** m. Sarah **LOTHROP**

Alpheus **ROOD/RUDE** m. Hannah **TAYLOR** (moved from Massachusetts to Virginia/WV abt 1820, buried Rock Cave Cemetery, WV)

Lucinda Mahew **RUDE** m. William **HYRE** (born in Massachusetts and married William **HYRE**, b. 1802 WV/VA; buried Slab Camp Cemetery, WV)

John Dayton **HYRE** m. Prudence **LOVE** (born in Upshur Co., WV)

Calvin Scott **HYRE** m. Minnie Mae **ROBINSON** (born and raised in Upshur Co., WV, from 1869-1940 then moved to Florida)

Reba Neil **HYRE** m. Berlin **CLEVENGER** (born in Knawl, Braton Co., WV, and Lawford, Ritchie Co., WV, both buried Horn Creek Cemetery)

Gary Z. **CLEVENGER** m. Barbara **ECKERT** (my Dad born in Gilmer Co., WV, and my mother in Baltimore, MD)

- from Rosemary **SPONAUGLE PETERSEN**

Thanks for contacting me. So much has changed since I submitted that story - I actually remembered after thinking about it!!!

I would like to see this article in the Hackers Creek Journal. I enjoyed it and am sure others will too. I returned to the Hackers Creek website after receiving your letter to see the changes and plan to review the Journal also.

Working on my family tree has been a hobby since I was a teenager, when the 4 movie Roots came out. I have worked on it off and on for years and since I have retired would like to review and reorganize it. I used to email quite a few people and shared info and stories. If I find more stories/articles of interest I will forward them to you.

The story which Rosemary references begins on page 11 of this issue. It was originally printed in **THE TIMES RECORD**, Spencer, WV, on 9 January 1958, and written by Maj. Lee R. **GANDEE** of Milledgeville, GA.

JESSE HUGHES' DAUNTLESS DAUGHTER

by Maj. Lee R. GANDEE

She carried a rifle and a torch, and a brace of pistols were in her belt, as with a scream of battle she bore down upon a pack of timber wolves. Few women would have dared such a deed, but she as no ordinary woman – she was the daughter of Jesse **HUGHES**.

She was Mercy **HUGHES**, born on Hacker's Creek in 1787¹. She was not named Mercy when she was born, but Martha, for Jesse had another daughter Martha, who had been captured and carried off by the Shawnees before the second Martha was born. The **HUGHES** supposed the first Martha dead and named the infant in her memory.

Then, after three years, rumor came that Martha **HUGHES** was alive at Detroit, and Jesse walked there from the Monongahela to bring her home. She was unwilling, for she was in love, but he brought her, and when her mother saw her, she cried, "It is the Mercy of God that she is returned to us!" To commemorate this mercy, the little girl was enamed Mercy, which in the illiterate speech of the Virginia dorder became "Massy" as time went on.



¹ Three different birthyears (1783, 1784, and 1787) have been found for Mercy (Martha) Hughes, daughter of Jesse and wife of Uriah **GANDY**. The date given in the story is as it was originally published by *The Times Record* in Spencer, WV, on 9 Janaury 1958.

In 1801, in Harrison County, she married Uriah **GANDY**², son of the elder Uriah, who had been third sheriff of Randolph County, and they accompanied the elder Uriah to Meigs County, Ohio. Here most of her children were born, and many of her kinsmen as well as her husband's had settled, some in Ohio, and others across the river in Jackson County.

Then in 1823, cholera scourged the Ohio Valley, and to escape it Uriah brought his family to a vale, just below the old Shawnee trail in Roane County, of which Jesse **HUGHES** told him.

It was good land, but the winter of 1823 was a hard one, for bears killed their hogs, and just over a low hill there was a creek where an enormous pack of wolves denned. These wolves compelled the **GANDYs** to shelter their sheep in a lean-to against their cabin, and at times fought the dogs under the very _____. Frequently only by burning gunpowder could they be driven off. Uriah and his sons planned a wolf pen to be built as soon as the weather grew mild, and gave Wolf Creek the name that it bears to this day.

Early in March winter broke, and Uriah took his eldest son, Jesse, to look over a tract of land that he had contracted to survey. During the morning that they rode off Mercy scanned the gathering clouds with anxiety, as they portended a late blizzard.

Just after noon it broke, with winds and sheets of snow. Mercy busied herself with a hot supper to thaw her menfolk, for she expected them to return half-frozen. As it grew late she could hear upon the wind the eerie wailing of the wolf pack, which had ____ down Wolf Creek and were ranging quite near. She was thankful that her husband and son were well armed.

Still as night drew on, her anxiety doubled and she prepared orchards of heavy green wood wrapped with pitch-soaked rags, putting one to flame outside as a beacon to guide the men, and perhaps discourage the wolves from approaching the cabin. She and the children ate in silence, dreading to hear shots in the distance. Under the door the ____ whimpered, and the sheep in the lean-to stirred restlessly.

Then the sound that they dreaded came. Shots! Mercy snatched down the Kentucky rifle that she handled like a man, stuck two loaded pistols into her belt, grabbed the heaviest of the torches and set it by the hearth. . . ³

"Let us go, too!" fourteen-year-old William and twelve-year-old George Washington begged. "We can fight wolves. They'll kill dad and Jess!"

"You stay inside!" Mercy exclaimed. Then turning to Sarah, the eldest daughter, she breathed, "Sarah, if anything happens, you know how to do. Take care of the baby."

She ran through the deep snow toward the mouth of Wolf Creek. Soon she could see by the flaring torch that a mass of wolves were ahead, tearing at a dying horse. She glimpsed a second, upon which two men with clubs and rifles were beating off leaping wolves. The horse screamed in agony and terror.

She saw that it was being pulled down. With a berserk yell she shot dead a wolf that was clinging to one of the men, and threw down the rifle. Then using her torch as a cudgel she plunged into the frenzied pack. A wolf ripped at her skirt and she crushed its skull. Beating off wolves right and left, she forced her way to the horse, and shoved her

² Also spelled **GANDEE**

³ A portion of the photocopy of this story was unreadable. Efforts to secure the missing words were unsuccessful.

pistols into the men's hands. They shot two, and clubbed others with their rifles. As they cringed back from the flailing torch and the acrid pistol smother, the three broke free of the wolves. The pack did not pursue them, but turned to finish the dying horse.

Only then did Mercy realize that the two men were not her husband and her son, but two belated travelers following the trail from the Kanawha to Parkersburg. When she reached the cabin, she noticed with some surprise that she was bleeding, and modesty compelled her to have a dress brought to the lean-to to put on, for her garments had been torn off almost to the waist by the fangs that had snatched at her.

Uriah and Jesse returned the next morning and they and the travelers put out poison on Wolf Creek. Later, when the gaunt bodies were counted, they found that there had been over forty wolves in the pack. Many showed the marks of fire.

After this heroic deed, Mercy **GANDY** lived 60 years, dying in her 97th year.⁴ She lived to see the wilderness cut down; and a village spring up where her cabin stood. She saw her children become enemies in the Civil War, for she had two sons fighting for the north and two for the south. Then, when her family no longer depended upon her, she gave up the life that she had lived so long, so bravely, and so patiently, and was laid in the burying ground between her mother and her husband, to wait the ingathering of seven generations of her blood which now sleep beside her, under the restful cedars at Gandeenville.

LEGENDS OF JACKSON'S MILL⁵

by Mrs. Robert H. Pritchard

"Tell us another story, Aunt Mollie, just one more about your girlhood days," begged Hazel **RAMSBURG**, who was sitting on a low stool by her aunt's knee.

"Please do," urged Ruth **BREWSTER**, a chum of Hazel's, who was curled up in an old-fashioned rocker by the fireplace.

It was a chill, dark night in November. The girls had come over to Aunt Mollie's on an errand, but the cheerful fire was so tempting that they couldn't resist staying to hear another one of the wonderful stories that she had told them of her girlhood days near Weston.

Aunt Mollie was sewing and she stitched long and thoughtfully before complying with their wish.

While her aunt was thus engaged in thought and sewing, Hazel said in a lower tone to Ruth, "You should have been with me the other evening when I was here.

"Aunt Mollie told me about the silver mine that used to be on the Jackson farm a little ways from the Jackson Mill. Years ago, they used to dig the silver for Cumming **JACKSON**, who made counterfeit money with it.

"When Dad was a little boy, he played in the cave where they used to keep the tools. He found a copper pick half worn down and a part of a shovel that they had left in the cave.

The law got so strong that Cummins **JACKSON** had to go West, but even then he had

⁴ Mercy's tombstone pictured on page 13 differs with her age. According to her marker she was born in

⁵ Published November 1926 in **THE WEST VIRGINIA REVIEW**. Alice MCDONALD who lived for a time in the Gaston Apartments on Main Street, Weston, was Mrs. Pritchard's daughter.

his helpers send him the silver. They put it in bags and carried it across their horses to Jane Lew, then sent it from there to **JACKSON**.

Dad remembers playing with some of the counterfeit money that they found in a keg in the log house which stood where the little store now stands across the road from the inter-urban station.

"This mine was marked by four huge trees, but they say that only one is now standing. Let's go search for it this spring, when it gets warm. Aunt Mollie has her dress nearly finished now and will be ready in a few minutes to tell us another story. We'll make more plans about going on a search for that silver mine when we go home.

At length, finished the seam, Aunt Mollie said, "Well, girls, I'll tell you a bit of true history that happened at Jackson's Mill, that will scare you so bad that you won't get a wink of sleep tonight."

"Hazel," she added with a twinkle in her eye, "you might put a wee fire in the spare bedroom before I begin, as something tells me that I am going to have guests for the night."

"Oh, Aunt Mollie!" exclaimed Hazel, "you're teasing us now. Do begin, I'm so excited that I cccan't wait another minute."

"Forty or forty-five years ago we lived in the Stonewall **JACKSON** home which burned down seven years ago," began Aunt Mollie. "Your father was only five years old then. On the left of the now famous Mill was a blacksmith shop and directly opposite was a barn owned at the time by Dowell **WHITE**. Your Uncle John **ATKINS** ran the blacksmith shop. Many years before, Mr. **HANBACK** and Andrew **JACKSON**, an uncle of Stonewall **JACKSON**, began quarreling out in the road in front of the mill and blacksmith shop. The quarrel became so heated that Andrew picked up a piece of iron and threw it at **HANBACK**. It struck his head and killed him. Andrew then left the country. Ever after that the Mill was haunted.

"When we moved into the old **JACKSON** Home in 1874, we were told that this tragedy had occurred and about the Mill's being haunted. We didn't believe it at first but we soon found out for ourselves. Every few nights the Mill would start up and run full blast. Father and Brother Titus would get up and go down to see what the trouble was. As soon as they would start to enter the Mill, everything would be as quiet and undisturbed as in the evening when it was shut down. At other times in the night, the stacks of lumber in the mill yard would seem to fall, making a terrible clatter.

"One day we celaned up the yard and put the scraps of iron and pieces of lumber in the unfinished loft above the kitchen. From that day the house became haunted. It started by a knocking all around the house – once on each side of the room, then on the other, then twice and three atimes each on every side of the room. I can remember that peculiar tapping as plainly as if it had happened yesterday.

"Across the hall was the spare bedroom. There were books piled on the stand in that room. Every few nights the books would seem to fall to the floor in a rumble. After the big crash, the books were taken up singly and slammed across the room. Mother would worry and complain about her books. She said it sounded as if someone were playing ball with them. Whenever we peeped into the room though, all was quiet and the books were piled up on the stand as neatly as ever.

"The unfinished loft over the kitchen next became the haunt of this spirit. These scraps of iron were tumbled and tossed about half the night. It sounded as if chains were being dragged back and forth across the floor, then thrown down in a heap with a bang. None of us dared go up there, even to quiet the noise. We were simply helpless; the more we tried to outwit our intruder, the braver he grew, until our friends and relatives beame alarmed for us. Old Mr. **BOWARD** who helped around our house and the mill, was so afraid that he couldn't be hired to come around after dark.

"One day your Aunt Carrie **ATKINS** came to visit us. We were crowded at that time; therefore we made her a bed on the lounge in the dining room. The next morning she asked us who the man was that came in in the night. We told her that no one came in. She said that a man opened the door of the kitchen and walked right past her bed, through the dining room, without making a sound or saying a word.

"When Carrie and I told John **ATKINS** about the ghost, and all the commotion in the loft above the kitchen, he said that he would go get that junk and use it in his shop. When we examined it, we found one piece of iron with a dark stain on it. John said: 'I need a piece of iron about that size to make a shoe for **WEBER**'s horse here. I believe that's the piece that killed **HANBACK**, so I'll just get rid of it.'

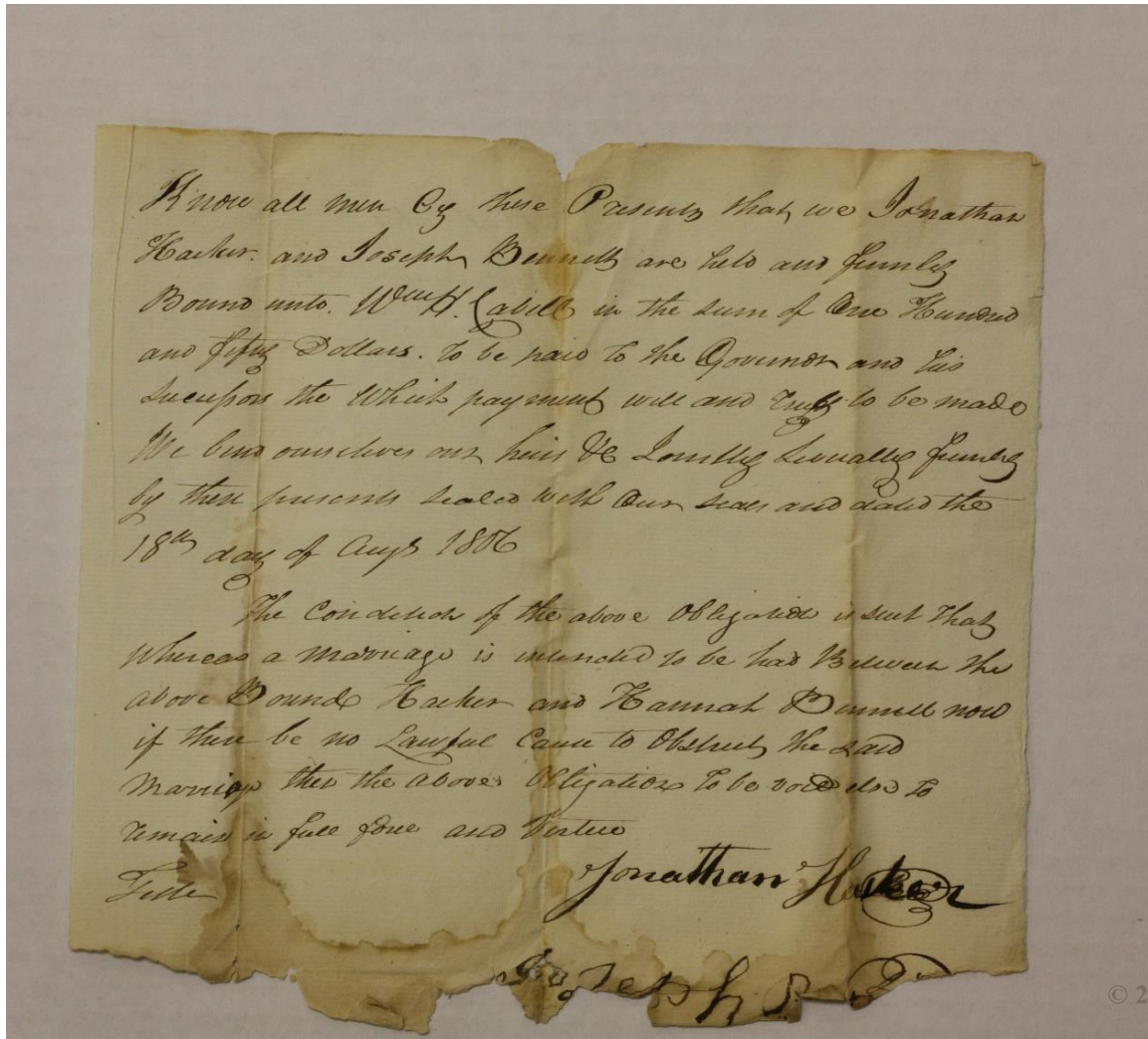
"He made the shoe out of it. You girls know Albert **WEBER** on the corner of Main and Fourth Streets, don't you? Well, the horse that wore that shoe belonged to his father.

"When Carrie described the man that walked past her bed that night in the dining room, to old Mr. **BOWARD**, he said that it was an exact description of Andrew **JACKSON** himself. **BOWARD** said that it was **JACKSON**'s spirit tryiing to find the scrap of iron in order to do away with the evidence of his guilt. After it was made into the shoe, the Spirit never came back to Jackson's Mill or Home."



This photograph of the stone monument which now stands at the site of the old **JACKSON** home is from an old glass negative in HCPD's Archie Ellis Collection was taken in the 1920s.

**Joseph Bennett's Signature on
Jonathan Hacker – Hannah Bennett
Marriage Bond**



This is the 18 August 1806 marriage bond of Jonathan **HACKER** and Hannah **BENNETT**, daughter of Joseph **BENNETT** (1755-1810) and sister to William **BENNETT** who is mentioned in a story later in this issue. By looking closely at the bottom of the bond you can see what remains of the signature of Joseph **BENNETT**. I found it on the CD by Eric **HEDRICK**, entitled *HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS FROM PENDLETON COUNTY, VA (WV): Marriage Bonds & Consents 1791-1803* and published in 2012. Copies of the CD may be obtained from **HEDRICK** at <http://www.erichedrick.com/>

While there is no proof of where or how they met, they “may have” met when Hannah was visiting her brother William **BENNETT** who was then living in southern Harrison County (now the Walkersville area of Lewis County). Regardless, they ended up living in the Hacker’s Creek settlement near where his father, John **HACKER**, established his home.

AS PUBLISHED MANY YEARS AGO IN THE WESTON DEMOCRAT

HCPD member Nancy **JACKSON** clipped the following poem titled "Stone Coal Anthems" from a *Weston Democrat* twenty or thirty years ago. As it turned out, the version she copied was a reprint submitted by local historian Greta **PROUDFOOT** who said:

"I found this clipping among some of my grandmother's keep sakes. My grandmother was Lydia **WESTFALL CONLEY**. I have an idea that Mr. T. J. **LIGGETT**⁶ could give the names of all the people in the poem. Granville **TETER** is Claude's father. Seymour is Seymour **HORNER** for whom **HORNER**⁷ is named. The **GASTON** is the man for whom the village of Gaston is named, I think.

"Mollie **HAWKINS** married a **HYRE** and lives in Clarksburg unless she has died lately."

Note: The Journal Editor attempted, without success, to determine the date this was authored and/or the identities of the persons named in the verses. Should you be able to identify any of the persons, please contact the editor by e-mail at joy41941@frontier or by snail mail at the library: Joy **DEFAZIO**, 45 Abbotts Run Road, Horner, WV 26372.

STONE COAL ANTHEMS

Stone Coal is a noted place
For polecat skins and coon;
The natives have to climb the hills
To get to see the moon.

The products of this happy land
Are wheat and corn and oats;
They trade some off for calico,
The rest they feed to shoats.

Sudrick lives on Sudrick's Knob,
His son bunks there too;
And at the base is Michael B.,
His son will mend your shoe.

David **SMITH** and John, his son,
Are worthy sons of toil;

They always plant their corn in time
And never let it spoil.*
Granville Teter, an honest man,
And always on the dot;
He votes the union ticket through
And never make a spot.

Marshal **SMITH**'s an honest man,
As all the people know,
He sells his coon skins for the cash,
And always has the "dough."

Jeremiah lives on Pigeon Roost;
He raises hogs and sheep,
And if you sell him anything
It must be very cheap.

⁶ Thomas J. **LIGGETT** married Emma **WILSON**, lived in Buckhannon, Upshur County, WV in 1900.

⁷ The community and post office where is now the home of the Central WV Genealogy & History Library. Seymour **HORNER** is also the great-grandfather of the submitter Nancy **JACKSON**.

Mifflin lives on the hill,
And William lives near by;

Dennis **LINGER** is another man
Who we must not forget;
He lives at Linger on the creek—
A clever man you bet.

Jimmy **LINGER** is the man
Who voted for Green backs.
To get the cash to come to town
To pay McD his tax..

Dick and Gid, and William's girls
All live down off the hill
They raise the wheat and corn and oats,
And Bruce goes to mill.

Gaston, next, we celebrate,
With Charlie, Joe and Doc;
They are good boys, you all know,
For they work till six o'clock.

William M. and I. M. G.,
Both live on Main Street;
And Mr. J. L. **GASTON**⁸
At jokings hard to beat.

William **HALL** and Warren,⁹ his son,
He must not fail to note;
For always on election day
He cast a Union vote.

And Mollie Hawkins teaches school
And makes the children cry.

Uncle Seymour¹⁰ is a Democrat;
Thought that party speaks his views,
For always on big meeting days
He's sure to black his shoes.

There is a man of other note,
Who lives on up the creek;
He is a man called Elias S.
And lives with Uncle Bick.

Now, Elias stands some five feet ten,
And by the way is no fool;
He helps his pa in summer time,
In winter teaches school.

Martin **WILSON**, just below—
He trades in hogs and cattle;
He'll rock the cradle until spring;
Then make the railroad rattle.

So when we want an action brought
We send for Dr. **SMITH**,
Who saddles up his little gray
And goes on double quick.

With these few names we end the
Rhymne.
Mart **SMITH** is in the scroll,
We tip our hat and make our bow,
Now, Henry, call the roll.

⁸ Probably James Lloyd Gaston

⁹ The Halls lived in the white house still standing

on

¹⁰ Refers to Seymour **HORNER**

WHO WAS GRETA PROUDFOOT?

The name of Greta **PROUDFOOT** is found in genealogy libraries throughout West Virginia and in other noted resources around the country. None has more references to her than the genealogy collection at West Virginia Wesleyan College in Buckhannon, Upshur County, WV.

According to the clipping at the right, found on Ancestry.com, her husband, the late Phaotis Boone

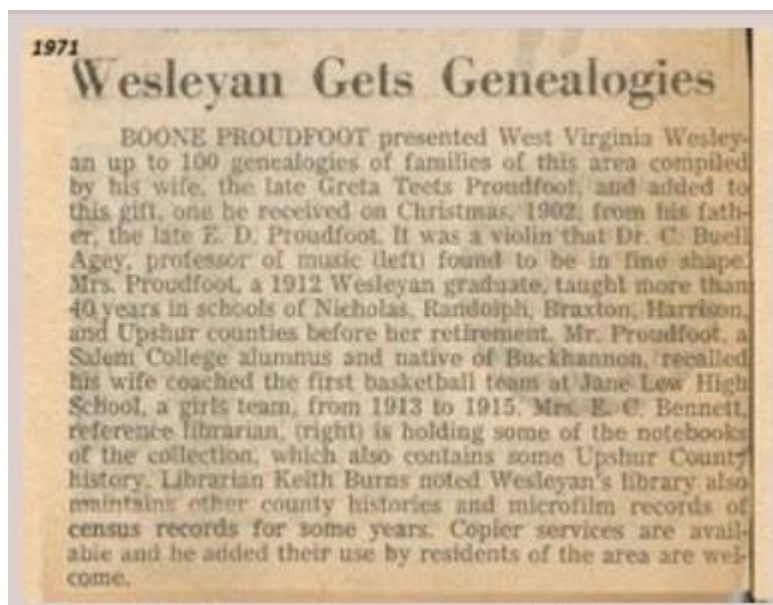
PROUDFOOT donated more than one hundred genealogies of families of Central West Virginia to the library in 1971.

Greta Emma was born 8 September 1892 in Upshur County, the daughter of Daniel Noah and Lavern **CONLEY TEETS**. She died 15 February 1971 in the West Virginia University Medical Center in Morgantown. She, together with her husband, is interred at Mt. Lebanon Church Cemetery, Warren District, Upshur County, WV.

She was a retired school teacher having taught for 40 years in Ohio and in the counties of Harrison, Upshur and Lewis. She organized and coached the first basketball team at Jane Lew High School.

She was a graduate of West Virginia Wesleyan in the class of 1919.

Her husband survived her, dying 27 May 1975. Their adopted son, Paul Maize **PROUDFOOT** died at the age of 14 in 1934.



An American Small Town Doctor Dr. W. P. King of Weston

Note: A three-part story published in the Weston Independent newspaper, 31 December 1947 and 6 January 1948. The story was "from the Russian Language State Department Magazine *Amerika*. Just why this was published in that magazine is unknown to your HCJ editor – jld

On July the third, 1891, a young doctor, fresh out of college, and newly located in a small West Virginia town, went on his first baby case! Having one horse between them, he and the anxious father took turns riding and walking the sixteen miles to a little mountain cabin on the Middle Fork River, Upshur County, West Virginia. To the relief of everyone the baby was born a few minutes after their arrival. The mountaineer had no money, so his fee was paid with an old muzzle-loading rifle which the doctor carried on his shoulder as he walked the sixteen miles back to his home. Thus began the medical career of Wessie Price **KING**, American small-town doctor. During the fifty-six years of

practice since that time, the old rifle has remained one of his most prized possessions.

Dr. King was born 14 March 1879, at Salem, Harrison County, West Virginia, the son of John H. and Martha **PRICE KING**, both of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage. His father was linked with the early railroad history of central West Virginia as a supervisor for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and later as a bridge builder and construction worker for the same company.

On 15 January 1902, after eleven years of medical practice, he was married to Catherine Roberta **NICOLES**. She was born on a farm near Weston, West Virginia, 29 August 1873 and it remained her home until her marriage. Her father farmed for a living except during the Civil War when he served as a Captain in the Union Army.¹¹

NICOLES, William J., 27, b 1 Sep 1836, Lewis Co, s/o John and Nancy (**BAILEY**) **NICOLES** who were m 10 Nov 1831/Lewis Co; m Julia Mariah **PETERSON** 20 Oct 1857/Lewis Co; 5' 11"; fair comp; dark hair; grey eyes; enl as pvt 25 Aug 1862, Weston; mus 1 Sep 1862 in Co B; mus (elected) 1st Lieutenant 4 Sep 1862; prom to captain of Co. D, 27 Oct 1863, at Romney and mus Sir John's Run; gs wound in head (3 in above left eye) Cloyd's Mtn 9 May 1864; fell on stake in trench dug by the enemy at Opequon 19 Sep 1864 and ruptured groin; in US Hosp Winchester; in US Hosp, Camden St., Baltimore, 23 Sep 1864; US Hosp, Navy Yard, Annapolis, MD; mus out Richmond, 14 Jun 1865. Res Jane Lew Twp, Lewis Co. Died 17 Jul 1911/Weston, Lewis Co, of complications and bur Machpelah Cem, Weston. Children: Charles E., b 8 Aug 1858; Dora, b ca 1860; Irene Q., b 28 May 1860; Anna Laura, b 8 May 1862; Ella May, b 23 Aug 1864; Nora M., b 11 May 1867; Catherine Roberta., b 29 Aug 1873; David Earl, b 29 Aug 1873; and William P., b 5 Mar 1877. NOK, Mrs. Dr., King, dau, in 1940's. (AGOWVA, MR, SR, PR, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1900, LCM, LCVB)

Wes, as he was called by his friends, graduated from high school in Clarksburg in 1887 and soon afterwards moved with his parents to Harrisville. Here, while taking some special classes in language and mathematics, he became a good friend of Willie **RYMER**, the son of a local doctor. Willie talked a lot about the practice of medicine and suggested that Wes apply for a scholarship at the University of Maryland where Dr. **RYMER** had received his training.

At that time, 1889, doctors were desperately needed as the hardships of the profession and the lack of funds among rural boys kept medical enrollments at a minimum; therefore every inducement was offered to those brave enough or interested enough to want to become a doctor.

Wes received his scholarship and entered the University of Maryland in 1889. Three or four years were usually required to earn a diploma in those days. However, any student might finish in less time if he were able to successfully pass examinations in the fourteen or more subjects which made up the curriculum at that time. After two years Wes received his diploma in April 1891. It is easy to understand the fears that came over and over as he worked alone on some difficult cases, hundreds of miles from a hospital, hoping that

¹¹ Served in the Fifteenth West Virginia Volunteer Infantry. A book about this regiment is being written by Joy **DEFAZIO**, the editor of this publication. Publication date is unknown at this time.

God and good judgment would make up for his lack of training.

After a short period of practice in the little college town of Buckhannon, Dr. **KING** was induced by an older doctor to move to Hampton. A new town was growing up there in the heart of the timber country, the railroads were booming and a doctor as badly needed. He was offered a new home, an office and a horse if he would go and serve the community. Here for five years, he walked through snow and rain; rode horseback with his saddle bags dragging in the mud; little mountain shacks in out of the way places; and at the same time shared in the excitement of a pioneer community.

At the end of five years he moved to Weston, the county seat of Lewis County and the center of a farming, oil and gas community. He had learned that there was a good opening in Weston and he was pleased for an opportunity to be with his brothers who were working there. In this same town, he is rounding out his fifty-sixth year of medical practice.

His experience and range of cases have been those of the typical family doctor and have covered everything up to major surgery. In addition to caring for every kind of physical and mental disability he listened to family troubles, gave advice and encouragement, offered consolation and spiritual guidance. Like all older doctors he went through periods when small-pox, diphtheria, dysentery, scarlet fever and typhoid swept his community in fearful epidemics, for there were no serums or powerful drugs to stop them.

Through all the years his little black bag has covered all the miles with him, its contents changing as his knowledge increased and as medical science advanced. At first it carried a few drugs such as quinine, calomel, Dover's Powders, strychnine, morphine, bichloride of mercury and a few others not in use today. It always contained a few strips of bandage torn from muslin or old bed and table linen carefully saved and sterilized by Mrs. **KING**. Splints for fractures were made from cardboard or from thin pieces of wood. As the medical journals recommended a new drug or treatment it was added to his bag, as were commercially packed bandages, compresses and aids.

Dr. **KING**'s office was like his little black bag for at first it contained only the necessities, with new equipment added as his practice increased and as he learned of new instruments and methods that would make his care of patients more satisfactory. At first it contained a six-foot wooden table, an instrument cabinet, a small book case and a few chairs. To-day it is well equipped to take care of his general practice as more specialized cases are sent to the hospitals. His office has always been in his home and has been immaculately kept by Mrs. **KING** or an occasional maid or office girl.

Due to advanced years and some accompanying infirmities Dr. **KING** has limited his practice to office calls during the past few years. Until that time, however, office hours were "around the clock" as patients knew they could find him at home or leave calls for him there. During epidemics there was little time for sleep and he had to be satisfied with cat-naps as he jogged along on his horse or relaxed for a few minutes in his office chair. Mrs. **KING** made every effort to see that "Doctor" ate his meals at regular times, but it was a common thing to grab a bite on the run, eat while riding along the road or eat at the home of some patient before he started the long ride home.

His patients were located in parts of five counties and ran the gamut of human families – rough, cultured, charity cases, well-to-do; different nationalities; many standards of life. He was respected by the business men of the community and at different times served

as company doctor for the Hope National Gas Company, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Pittsburgh and West Virginia Gas Company. During the Spanish American War, World War I and II, he was an examining physician for the young men of the community going into the armed forces. For many years he has served as a member of the Lewis County Lunacy Board. In addition to his own practice, he frequently took patients to Baltimore, Maryland, or to hospitals in Wheeling or Clarksburg, West Virginia. It is easy to understand how varied his practice has been and how many problems it has presented.

Dr. **KING** had many cases where another pair of steady hands might have made the difference between life and death or where a hospital or a consulting surgeon would have been of incalculable aid. He tells the story of one of these cases in his own words:

"If you want to know what real trouble is, you would have to be a doctor with a labor case with puerperal convulsions or a case of abrupt placenta. I remember one case I had in a back-country section where the entire family ran off and left me to work alone. There was nothing I could do except apply forceps, deliver a dead baby and then stand there and watch the mother bleed to death. This is the kind of trouble that makes other medical hardships seem insignificant."

Some other minor troubles came when he purchased a Model T Ford in 1917. Several of the town citizens can remember the first day he drove it up town alone. In the middle of the main business block it suddenly "chugged" and stopped. Dr. **KING** climbed out and left it there. Someone called from the sidewalk, "What's the matter, Doc?"

The answer came in a hurry. "By God, I'm afraid of the damn thing." It was a long time before it replaced in his affections his fine old horse Porter. You didn't have to crank a horse when it stalled in a mud hole!

As a car helped him to keep pace with the medical world, he used what aids he could to keep pace with his profession. He regularly studied the American Medical Association Journal and the West Virginia Medical Journal; read the late writings of medical advances and accumulated a fair medical library. He belonged to and regularly attended the meetings of the Central Medical Society and a few times attended the meetings of the American Medical Association. He felt that all of these sources and his associations with younger doctors just out of medical school were invaluable in keeping him up-to-date with his profession.

Dr. **KING** has been with the Weston City Hospital since its establishment in 1922. Here he has cared for his medical and obstetrical patients, given anesthetics for surgical patients and held consultations with the resident doctors.

The Weston City Hospital was established in 1922 as a partnership owned by Drs. E. W. **HALL** and W. H. **GREENE**, and had a fifteen bed capacity. In 1928 it was purchased from its former owners by Drs. E. A. **TRINKLE** and R. M. **FISHER**. It was and now has a bed capacity of thirty-five. It is well equipped with modern x-ray and laboratory equipment, nursery, operating and delivery rooms and has been approved by the American Hospital Association.

Patients have also been taken to the General Hospital where the staff, equipment, nurses and nurse training program are very similar to the City Hospital. Since 1915 Dr. **KING** has been able to be of special help in eye, ear, nose and throat cases as such a clinic was established at that time by two brothers, Dr. Marshall and Sam **BURTON**. These two fine doctors have been among Dr. **KING**'s best friends in the years since they came to Weston. Since both have reached retirement age, they have brought in two

young specialists to replace them.

In addition to the doctors mentioned Weston also boasts a full-time county health doctor and nurse, an optometrist and an osteopath. West Virginia had located its largest hospital for the insane in Weston. It has recently received a new superintendent who is making every effort to make it one of the best institutions for the mentally sick in the entire country. All the changes these new doctors and institutions have brought to Weston Dr. **KING** compares to the wonderful experience of a person who has been shut up for long periods in a dark room and is suddenly brought into the sunshine.

Valuable as all these aids have been to Dr. **KING** in his long practice none can compare to the help given him by a wonderful wife. Mrs. **KING**, in spite of periods of ill health, has been a master of orderliness, good management and diplomacy in her home. Her patience never gave out when the phone interrupted her daily duties when muddy boots left their marks across the freshly scrubbed porch; when meals got cold while patients talked of trivial things.

It was her good management that kept things in their right places, the tea kettle ready with boiling water and a clean towel where the doctor might reach it. It was her thriftiness that kept the cellar shelves filled with canned goods (often filled with goods paid to the doctor in place of money or some good service). Benjamin **FRANKLIN** would have appreciated her "stitch-n-time" policies for nothing was allowed to get run down. New linoleum, a coat of varnish, a new paint job for the house all came at the right time. Best of all, her even disposition was many times the "oil on troubled waters" with impatient or demanding office callers and her own family.

Both Dr. and Mrs. **KING** have enjoyed their own homes and have been and still are proud of each change for the better. They have occupied their present comfortable home on Main Avenue for the past thirty-two years. As finances permitted remodeling was done to add to its attractiveness and efficiency; a new waiting room; an extra office as son Bill graduated from dental school and came home to practice; a new gas furnace as they came on the market. Pride has shown again in the carefully planted and tilled gardens raised each year; each row measured with a string; each plant protected by the newest spray; each fine beefsteak tomato sliced with real satisfaction.

In the last few years as advanced age and a broken leg have slowed down his practice, Dr. **KING** has nurtured his roses as carefully as he has tended the babies he has brought into the world. He almost struts as he starts the day with a perfect rosebud in his lapel, or presents a choice full-blown rose to some patient or friend. Perhaps his love of roses is a follow-up of his appreciation for fine perfume! Here's one doctor who has overpowered the smell of antiseptics with the faint scent of some fine perfume presented him by some druggist friend who has discovered his weakness!

Having only one child, William, the hub of their personal lives have centered around him, and now his wife, Martha and their two sons, Bill II and Bob. Dr. Bill, now 43, is practicing dentistry and sharing office and waiting rooms with his father. As he grew up, he shared with them his friends for he was a great one to bring his boy and girl friends in to see Mom and Dad. They were anxious that he become a professional man with the best training that the times could offer.

After graduating from Weston High School, he entered the Pre Medical School of West Virginia University. At the end of two years he transferred to the University of Pittsburgh, where he graduated with a degree in dentistry in 1929. While still in dental school he

married Martha **GRANT**, an Indiana girl, who has made him an excellent wife and a fine mother for their two sons. She was studying music at the time of their marriage.

Dr. Bill soon had an excellent practice in his home town, and after buying up-to-date equipment for his office, he built his own attractive and modern home on Court Avenue, a short distance from his father's home.

William II, then twenty years of age, was graduated from high school in 1944. He attended West Virginia University for a few months until he enlisted in the Navy in which he served twenty months. He attended West Virginia Wesleyan where he is beginning his training as an engineer.

Robert, fifteen, was a sophomore in Weston High School, where he was an honor student and active in all athletics. It is his playing that keeps Dr. **KING** a rabid ball "fan".

One of the highlights of the week comes on Saturday evening when Bill, Martha, and the boys come for dinner at Dr. **KING**'s. This is the time when any family troubles are talked over, the latest 'girl friends' reported, and last night's ball game replayed. Following a long custom, this is the day when Mrs. **KING** bakes her favorite three-layer cake, put it on the table and says, 'Eat all you want, Boys.'

At the close of a fine dinner, following another long-time custom, Dr. **KING** says, "What's on the docket for this evening, Bert?" He grins when she says, "I'm not going to do anything. You do as you please." This is the signal for him to reach for his hat, then stand by the door as he waits for a whistle from his best friend, Dr. Sam **BURTON**.

They lose no time getting to the Masonic Temple where they join a group of faithful cronies in a game of set-back, pinochle or bridge. These games have gone on for years, with the group changing as the years take away a member, but always these Masonic friends have been closest to the heart.

At least once a week, Dr. and Mrs. **KING** 'dress up' and go to the movies, where the especially enjoy a good western, a musical comedy or a good clean tory. Having been regular movie goers they enjoy talking of the changes they had watched in that industry. In the days of the early flickers they fought through '101 Bison Films', suffered through the 'Perils of Pauline' and laughed with Laurel and Hardy. They were thrilled as they heard Al **JOLSEN** in their first sound film and are still thrilled by the technicolor of such films as 'My Friend Flicka' and 'Night and Day'.

At the end of a busy week, the quietness of a church service was an experience they enjoyed together—as they enjoyed a visit from friends or relatives at the end of a busy day. Through the years Dr. King has always been among the fans at football and basketball game—his interest a little more keen when Dr. Bill, young Bill or Bob are members of the teams.

A nice vacation trip by train or car was a part of each year's activities. Sometimes it was a trip to Denver to visit Dr. **KING**'s brothers, to the Dakotas where Mrs. **KING** had two sisters. Again it was a trip to the Atlantic or a fishing trip with the boys. Probably their happiest vacations have been spent at two West Virginia health resorts.

For many years when Webster Spring and in more recent years, at Berkeley Spring, was at its peak they stayed at the big hotel, drank the mineral waters from the spring, strolled along Lovers Lane and danced the waltz or two-step to the fine orchestra in the evening. They considered it a real personal loss when a costly fire destroyed the hotel and other attractions at the resort.

In later years they have enjoyed the restful atmosphere of Berkeley Springs, where an

afternoon in a rocking chair on the porch of a nice hotel, or a morning taking the hot baths can be counted on to send them home feeling younger and minus the kinds of rheumatism or neuralgia.

Looking back over the years Dr. and Mrs. **KING** are convinced that they picked a good little town in which to spend the major part of their lives. They are convinced that it is good to stay in one place long enough to watch the families they knew so well as one generation after another grows up, marries and establishes its own home and family. It's been fun to watch the little stop on the Parkersburgh-Staunton Turnpike¹² go through its "growing pains" and develop into a nice little town of 10,000.¹³

Certain things particularly stand out in those memories. Dr. **KING** especially remembers the period between 1901 and 1908 when the laying of the first oil and gas lines brought a boom to the community and exciting new things to watch. It also brought many new families.

Many times Dr. **KING** was called to Sand Fork to take care of some injured worker and the sights he saw would be real eye-openers to the children of today (1948). Rough shacks were set down in the mud to temporarily house the bands of Italians who were brought in as contract laborers. To a young man, seeing them for the first time, they were colorful figures, their heads tied in bandana, black furious-looking moustaches, loudly shouting or cursing as they made themselves heard above the noise of the work all around. Hard work and bad living conditions made tempers short and he was often called upon for a knife wound or some other injury incurred during a fight.

More thrilling still was the sight of a struggle to release some huge piece of machinery from the mud or quicksand. Dr. **KING** has seen as many as fifty horses hitched to one piece of machinery; and it's easy to imagine the shouts of orders, the clank of chains and the noise of horses, and their teamsters. He recalls seeing horses so buried in mud that it would be running through their collars and patients might have to wait as he watched them pulled out with chain and tackle. It would take him all day to cover a distance that might be covered in a few minutes today.

To reach Sand Fork the road took him through an old covered bridge located at what is now Bendale. Many times it offered him shelter from storm or blizzard. As he waited there he frequently recalled its history as he had learned it from a young friend, Roy Bird **COOK**, who became one of West Virginia's foremost historians.

When Dr. **KING** first came to Weston, Roy was his errand boy enjoying every trip as he was allowed to ride the doctor's horse and later the wonderful bicycle purchased for town use. This was the beginning of a friendship that had many ties to strengthen it. Roy chose a Weston drug store, **RALSTON** for his first-full-time job and since he continued in pharmacy their knowledge of drugs and medicine was a new link in that friendship. When Roy married a Parkersburg girl, Nell **CAMDEN**, and then brought her to Weston, she and Mrs. **KING** became life-long friends, sharing meals, confidences and treasures.

Roy had an enquiring eye and ear for everything historical, and as he went on calls with Dr. **KING** just for the ride, he would point out all the interesting spots and get excited as he recounted the story of each. The old Bendale or Chenoweth bridge was one of his favorites and he wrote about it in his book, "Lewis County in the Civil War."

¹² Old US Route 33 was originally the Staunton-Parkersburg Turnpike.

¹³ Population of Weston in 1948.

The bridge was used by thousands of soldiers, both Union and Confederate during the Civil War and was a strategic point on the Weston-Gauley Turnpike. This road was a link between the only road at Clarksburg and the Kanawha Valley. Roy particularly like to tell about the morning of July 29, 1861, when the Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteers arrived in Weston on their way to the battle front. They had left the train in Clarksburg and were marching to the Kanawha Valley. Among them was Private William **MCKINLEY** who was later to be President of the United States. For a month he was posted as a sentry to guard over the Bendale bridge. This was a grave responsibility for a young private but he handled it with care and efficiency just as he handled each new responsibility as it came to him through the years. Rutherford **HAYES**, later said of him and it might have been applied to those nights on duty at the old bridge,. "The night was never too dark, the weather was never too col' there was no sleet or storm, no hail or rain that was in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of duty."

Even more pleasant are the recollections of the hour Dr. **KING** spent with the loafer on chairs titled back against the famous old Bailey House. It was located on the corner, where the Parkersburg-Staunton Turnpike crossed the Weston-Gauley Turnpike running north and south. Here each opinion was worth an argument; choice pieces of gossip were passed from one to another; and significant news gathered from the strangers who came and went. The Hotel's fame for hospitality and chicken dinners made it a favorite stopping place for travelers and many famous names could be found on its registers.

From the sidewalk it was also an easy thing to watch the fine coaches or horses that "putup" at Cole's Barn, which was just around the corner. Here horses might be hired for business trips, or a local swain might rent a beautiful riding horse for a canter with his best girl. It could also be counted on to furnish the sled and hay for the then popular hayride.

To a doctor, it was a real joy to watch the extension of hard-surfaced roads, first through the town and then the gradual extension until they joined the great national highways. One great step forward came when TWO whole miles were laid in the direction of Clarksburg. This was known as the "Speedway" and the proud owners of the early Maxwell's, Reos, steam cars, etc., loaded their cars to the limit and sped down the stretch at the reckless speed of fifteen miles an hour.

Then came the time when the Main Street residents spent their idle hours watching the laying of the streetcar line which could take passengers all the twenty-five miles from Weston to Clarksburg.¹⁴ Dr. **KING** joined the pioneers who walked to Shadyborok just below town so that they might ride in on the first street car.

It has been interesting, too, to watch, swap lands drained and filled and sold for valuable residential sites; to watch street lights change from arc lights to gas and finally to electric, to watch the board walks be replaced by brick and cement and stepping stones and hitching posts discarded.

And in those years what medical dreams and hopes have been realized! Well-equipped hospitals where patients may be taken for major surgery; specialists trained and equipped to remove a piece of glass or a cataract from the eye, a pin or bone from an esophagus; an insane asylum staffed with psychiatrists and occupational therapists

¹⁴ The HCJ editor found it rather interesting that the news of the "taking up" of the street car tracks through Weston appeared in the same issue of the Weston Independent as did this story which referenced their "laying."

instead of Democrats or Republicans; new drugs and serums and treatments. What blessings they have brought to the medical profession and to every doctor and patient!

And so life goes on for Dr. and Mrs. **KING** in a community which they love, still proudly working together in a profession of service, among family, friends and patients who made each day a new and good experience.

Passing of LOYAL C. REGER

Loyal C. **REGER** of Queen Anne, MD, formerly of Denton, MD, died Friday, April 15, 2016, at The Pines Rehab in Easton, MD. He was 91 years old.

Born in Selbyville, WV, Mr. Reger was the son of the late Emery Clark **REGER** and Cordie Ethel **PHIPPS REGER**. He was a WWII US Navy veteran and served On the LST 242 in the Pacific Theater.

Loyal was a graduate of West Virginia University with a Bachelor's Degree in Agriculture and received his Masters from the University of Maryland, College Park.

He moved to Denton in 1956 where he became the University of MD 4-H and Youth Extension Agent in Caroline County for 31 years, retiring in 1987. He and his wife belonged to St. Luke's UMC but had moved to Queen Anne in 2001 where they attended the Hillsboro-Queen Anne United Methodist Church. Mr. **REGER** loved his family, enjoyed to travel, and was known for helping develop the Caroline County 4-H Park, his sense of humor and picking on those he loved and liked. He was a member of the Temple Lodge #128 A.F.&A.M., WVU Alumni Association, A 4-H All Star, and the Choptank Ruritan Club.

Mr. **REGER** is survived by his wife of 66 years, Tressie Louise **REGER** of Queen Anne; a daughter, Clara Beth **REGER** and her husband David; a grandson, Spencer Loyal **BRAMBLE** of Stillwater, OK; two sisters: Goldie **TINSLEY** of Scott Depot, WV and Ada **TENNEY** of Canal Fulton, OH; a sister-in-law, Mavedell **REGER** of Charlotte, NC; and numerous nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by four brothers: Waldo, Ernie, Guy Bernell, and Orville **REGER** and three sisters: Genevieve **BUNNER**, Madeline **HOSAFLOOK**, and Maxine **SAYRE**.

Funeral services were held Thursday, April 21st, at the Moore Funeral Home, P.A., 12 S. Second Street in Denton.

Happy Cemetery Searching

By Betsy Law Hale

<betsylhale@verizon.net>

Are you at a standstill in your search for your ancestors? Have you checked out the cemetery that's listed on the death certificate? There are three ways to do this. Two allow you to stay in your chair at home and the other requires your car to travel to the site. Find-a-Grave (www.findagrave.com) and Billion Graves (www.billiongraves.com) are two sites that very well may have information that can help you. Each of these sites also have apps that are available for your smart phone as well. Both of the web sites allow you to search for the cemetery. If you don't know the full name of the cemetery, you can locate it on a map. However, I do caution you, that not all sites are accurately plotted on the map correctly but most are in the general vicinity. AND, not all cemeteries make it in their database especially if it is an older family plot. Find A Grave is a free site whereas Billion Graves is a subscription site but with a 14-day free trial.

Perhaps your ancestor is not listed, although more and more records and pictures are being uploaded each and every day. This is where you can take the initiative and add to their sites. I have been a member of both for several years and with that, it allows me to make additions and changes to what is there. Originally, I was taking pictures with my camera at the cemetery and then gradually uploading them from my computer. I have lots more that have not been uploaded yet (if only I could do genealogy 24/7). Now, I'm taking them with my phone. With the Billion Graves app, it will give you a GPS coordinate when you take your picture but you have to have cell signal for the app to work and, in WV, that is not always the case.

What I like about Find a Grave, and this is one I use most often, is that I can look at a cemetery and see if my relative is listed on the site. I can look to see others with the same name that are buried there. I can search on other directives as well. I can set up a memorial and add family history or if I see something listed that I know is not right, I can submit a correction. I can also take pictures for other people who are requesting a photo.

Probably the most fun, I think, is actually traveling to the cemetery. Some of the cemeteries are small, but others are quite large. For the latter, I suggest you go during the week, so that you can stop in to their office to be able to ask exactly where your ancestor is buried. They might be kind enough to let you know where others are buried with the same name. Once you locate the headstone(s), take note to who is buried around them. Perhaps you can find a child or a parent there as well.

It is also interesting to look at the other headstones that are there. There are some very elaborate ones with sceneries or others with interesting epitaphs and verses. Once I found one that looked like a tree stump.

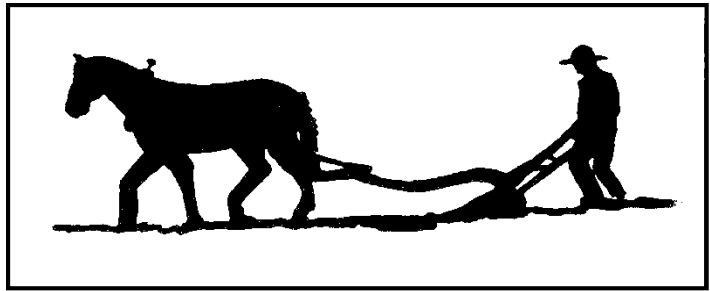
Last fall, I had the opportunity to visit a cemetery that I knew existed. Find A Grave had the approximate location but not the exact, so I asked a friend and his wife to take me. I knew that my great aunt and her husband were buried there from their death certificates, but I found so much more. I found my great, great, great, great grandfather! Yes, my 4x great grandfather was buried there. I was ecstatic. I took pictures of every headstone after that. I haven't had time to transcribe them yet or to add them to the website but eventually I will. Some of the headstones are already on Find a Grave but not all, so I can eventually help someone else out.

The Annual Garden

Submitted by Leonard Davis

Every season of the year was significant and meaningful to Flora¹⁵ but spring and summer were highlighted with eager anticipation of things to come as she looked forward to the approaching warm days and garden planting which was her pride and joy. Gardening was an integral part of her life, and not having one would have deprived her of an essential facet of her existence that was as important as food, air, and water. There was never a year that passed without her growing a variety of vegetables and flowers arranged in explicitly designated rows and beds. As soon as Christmas was over, the seed catalogs began arriving in the mail showing pictures of new plants that purported to yield an abundant crop and bring forth thriving flowers that brightened the look of her home and lawn. The books were laid out beside her chair for easy access when she could find a spare moment to look at them and study their well-illustrated details divulging the names, prices, and planting calendars for every entry. Many evenings were spent intently perusing each page to make a choice of what she wanted to order.

When at last the final snow of the year melted, Flora could be found cleaning off the waste and useless, unwanted rubbish from her garden area. Piles of dead vines, last year's corn stalks, and remnants of other lifeless dried-up growth were set ablaze to rid the scene of their encroaching on the soon to be prepared planting space. At last someone brought a plow to turn the sod over into lengthy furrows that stretched from one end of the plot to the other. Afterward it was disked to pulverize the large chunks of earth into smaller pieces of a finer texture that were more manageable and suitable for sustaining plant growth.

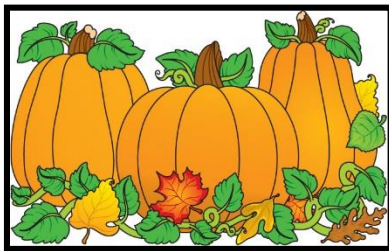


In the early days of her life the soil prep began with horses pulling a plow to break the ground and then a spike toothed harrow was used to complete the task, but as the years passed the role of the ever dependable animals gave way to a farm tractor that did the job more quickly and easily. The faithful steeds had been replaced with modern machinery and marked the advent of a new method of farming. Aside from the tractor being proven more efficient, many people including Flora missed seeing the farmer's four legged sweltering companions performing the job that they had done so well for hundreds of years allowing mankind to eke out an allotment of food from the ground for survival. As usual, the laborer's efforts resulted in a generous bequest from the good earth as long as a person was willing to work with it. Long red fishing worms wriggled from the newly disturbed land and struggled to find a hiding place away from the bright sunlight preferring the subterranean darkness. Without their knowing it, the worms became her ally as they relentlessly tunneled underground which aeriated and loosened the soil making it suitable for plant growth and their droppings served as a natural fertilizer to enhance its

¹⁵ Flora Mae **BISHOP UNGER RANDALL FOX**, grandmother of the author's wife, Jacqueline "Jackie" **UNGER DAVIS**. See a short story about her at the end of this story.

productivity. As soon as the site was made smooth and even, she took the hand plow and began making extended, straight rows then dropping in seeds. Before long their hard encasements would burst open and release a sprout that unfolded and pushed upward through the surface to meet the warm solar rays beaming from the sky. It was their obligation to heat the natural environment that had lain dormant throughout the preceding cold months and was now awakened. With a glowing sense of satisfaction, the day came when Flora was able to announce to friends and neighbors that she had put the finishing touches on her garden, and it would soon deliver an ample resource of food for her family. As a gesture of friendship, fresh vegetables were passed on to other people and the concept of giving was a universally accepted practice and a foregone conclusion that it was God's will to share His blessing with those around you. Moreover, there was a sacred precept that what was offered as a charitable gift would never be missed and the benefactor would be rewarded with a bountiful harvest.

Flora planted several rows of potatoes as well as sweet corn, beans, and peas. Frequently, she added beans to the corn hill, and they climbed the upright, tasseling corn stalks wrapping tightly around each one that resulted in easier picking and doubled the use of the space as well. Small round onion bulbs were painstakingly placed root side down in a straight line or arranged in a square or rectangular bed. Throughout the rows



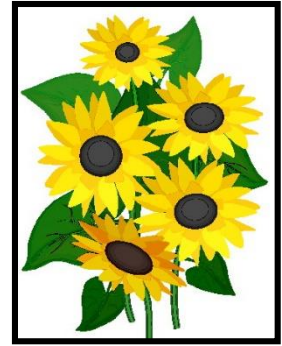
of corn, Flora randomly dropped oval shaped pumpkin seeds where there was adequate space for growth. In due season, they turned into immense, green leafed vines and in the end offered orange round fruit to be used for pies; or at Halloween, after the insides were scooped out, made into a funny friendly faced jack-o-lantern, or yet a **scary** expression might be carved into one. When darkness came, a lit candle was set inside to expose a gleaming smiley look or a glowering frown that warned approaching children to remain at a safe distance.

Traditionally, though unofficially, large, brightly colored pumpkins have been accepted by the media and the general public as a symbol of autumn, harvest, and a thriving growing period. It is nearly impossible for anyone in the American culture to envision the Pilgrims and Thanksgiving without featuring the pumpkin's vividly colored shape within the scene. During the month of November, commercials and advertisements are embellished with their illustrations to set the tone for the impending Thanksgiving celebration.

Smaller seeds of lettuce, carrots, radishes, and Swiss chard were sown judiciously in more shallow rows and covered with a thin layer of soil. Being very tiny, not much bigger than a pencil dot, it seemed impossible that the miniscule bits had the potential to germinate and turn into a new plant. As soon as the threat from damaging frost was over, she set out tomato, pepper, and cabbage plants whose roots began to branch out in diverse directions gaining a firm hold beneath the surface and becoming securely anchored in the fertile loam.

A favorite bloomer was the sun flower that Flora declared that she included in every single garden she had prepared and would not think of omitting it. If a left over seed from the prior year survived the rigorous winter, voluntarily sprouted, and began to grow, it was tenderly cared for and made welcome to join the other plants that had their assigned

location in the working schematic that Flora had laid out in her mind to make the best use of the area. Shortly, the seedlings matured into lofty thick stems that supported a hefty, golden yellow bloom with a brown center that delivered a bumper crop of nutritious seeds which the birds relished in the late summer and fall and were a vital part of their diet. By way of Flora's well trained ear, she heard and wisely listened as the sunflower whispered a confidential message that foretold a successful growing season was at hand, and the tall plant with the buttery colored flower petals turned out to be a gardener's sincere friend. Their large drooping heads expressed greetings each day as she entered the garden patch of ground, and in turn, she gave an approving smile with a barely audible chuckle that wordlessly thanked them for their satisfying and pleasurable company. Being prolific growers, the sunflowers promptly towered over the garden and did their best to keep a safeguarding vigil over the planted ground throughout the night hours when no one else was around. The radiant, smiling blooms rejoiced with Flora when she was having a happy day and did their best to appear a little perkier and uplifting making their best effort to cheer their coworker when she was sad due to bad news that she had received. Soon, the gloomy moments turned into gladness as she had learned early on during her younger years to cope with the complexities brought about by life's disappointments and agonizing frustrations and had received sufficient God given strength to bear her burdens alone as a single parent raising four children.



In the cool morning hours at the crack of dawn, it was Flora's delight to put on her red Baltimore Orioles baseball cap and with rapid strides hasten to the garden with a hoe clutched snugly in her grip to loosen the soil, chop invading weeds, and pull the life supporting dirt close to the baby plants empowering the root systems to do the job that nature intended. Ravaging bugs, that competed for control, were plucked from the leaves and destroyed before they could do further harm. Heedfully, Flora checked the green foliage to apprehend the raiding pests for they came by the hundreds and wanted the garden for themselves, but she felt differently and was well armed and prepared to win the ongoing battle. Once the heat of the day commenced, she put the tools away in a nearby storage shed and went inside to take care of indoor tasks that were waiting there. Throughout each minute of the day, Flora was engaged in some type of "goings-on", and no minute was wasted in unproductive idleness. When she had to be sedentary due to illness or some other reason, she claimed that her muscles became stiff, and were crying out for exercise in order to remain supple and flexible. Answering the plea for body movement, it would not be long until she would be up and about, and it was then that she began feeling better since now her life had regained purpose and usefulness.

Regularly, Flora worked in the garden except for the days when rain was falling giving the wilted growth a drink of the life sustaining thirst quencher that plants required as much as people did. A dry spell brought stress and threatened the well-being of the emergent vegetation, and she listened intently to the weather reports and anxiously watched the darkened sky in anticipation of a long awaited summer shower from oncoming moisture laden clouds. Her face showed a lustrous sign of thankfulness as the sprinkles started to fall and rapidly bounced off the arid ground and quickly turned into a seasonal torrent that thoroughly drenched the dry soil. Sometimes, the storm became

quite formidable as the lightning flared in jagged spears illuminating and ripping large cracks in the heavens followed by the grumbling, thunder bouncing noisily across the darkened firmament with a deafening sound causing the walls of the house to vibrate and the windows to rattle. However, the refreshing downpour brought renewal and a surge of growth to the crops and weeds as well, and she had to recommit her effort with the hoe and other equipment to halt their unwavering onslaught to regain dominion of the growing space.

One summer Flora decided to buy a small motorized tiller to cultivate the ground instead of using the plow she had pushed by hand for many years. She had seen the labor saving contraption in a local store and felt that it would be a big help enabling her to tend to the garden more efficiently, and its small size and light weight would make it comfortable for her to handle. With good intentions and hoping to avoid an impending accident, someone advised against buying the device, but she bristled and insisted that she wanted it and unequivocally stated that she would learn to use it. With her uncompromising determination she started the motor and impressively guided the rotating blades between the rows leaving the ground workable and uprooting unwanted weeds. As she moved forward she recalled the negative comments and with an inner voice argued back, "I'll show them" and show them she did. Thereafter, the tiller and she joined forces and were dedicated partners in looking after the necessities of her garden's care.

As Flora grew older, someone tried to convince her that at her age she did not need to have a garden and should consider giving it up, but she obstinately replied that she wanted one, and she *would* have it, and any difference of opinion should be kept to oneself. Frowning with contempt, Flora maintained that if she were going to die, she might as well do so taking care of her plants as sitting in a lazy man's chair *doing nothing*. *Doing nothing* was not a part of her philosophy of life and did not support her strong work ethic. The case was closed and so was everyone's mouth!

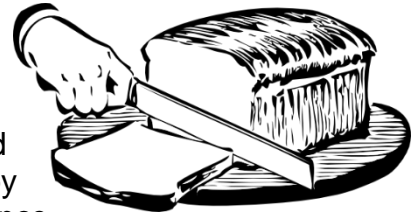
In a matter of a few weeks, the garden began to deliver the vegetables that she knew would come, and she started picking peas and beans canning them in the glass jars that she had used over and over for untold years. Cucumbers were made into pickles filling the air with a pungent spicy aroma, and as usual the yellow squash grew profusely consistently providing far more than anyone wanted. After the trailing runners dried up following the first seasonal frost, the left over and heretofore hidden crooked necks became visible strewn about the ground, but all was not lost. During the days ahead the fallow gourds decomposed and returned to the earth furnishing an ecologically safe amendment that enhanced the richness of the land. Shiny red tomatoes in their abundance were gathered from the mature vines sliced with a sharp knife for lunch and dinner with the remaining ones being canned and stored on the wooden shelves beside the other preserved harvest from the seeds that she had imbedded underground only a few weeks earlier. To Flora, gardening was a form of artistry, and the rich colors shining through the filled transparent containers lining the shelves bore a resemblance to the oily mounds of pigment lying on a palette that had been daubed by the brush of Van Gogh, Rembrandt, or any of the other Renaissance masters. Clearly, it would not be an overstatement to think that the well-known hint of a smile on the famous Mona Lisa was remarkably similar to the one constantly worn on Flora's cheerful face.

In her younger days she would go to the fields in early summer to pick blackberries and raspberries that she made into jelly. Traipsing through the brambles and tall weeds

with her buckets in hand, she spent a greater part of the day there. She found the fruit laden briars and picked until the pails were filled with the ripened berries and gratefully toted nature's reward for her patience and effort back to the house. After a, thorough cleaning and washing, she cooked the fruit on top of the stove in an oversized kettle for the required minutes. Without



using a clock, she knew from years and years of experience how long to stew the mixture in order to achieve the right look and desired consistency that she recognized by sight and felt by her proficient hand stirring with a long handled spoon. Once



that was done she dumped the contents onto sizeable cheese cloth squares, tied the corners together to form a bag, and hung them from the basement ceiling so that the juice would dribble into a container placed below; and the flavorful liquid was then converted to beautiful, red jelly that was as pretty to look at as it was good to eat. The bagful of zesty mass would then be emptied into another pan and jam was made from it. During its particular season, Flora continued to harvest and use whatever was available from tree, bush, and vine. Granddaughter Jackie clearly remembers her grandmother making preserves from damson plums which was a favorite of hers and is catalogued into her library of childhood memories that calls to mind a taste that can never be forgotten. To a little girl, a slice of homemade bread with a "heapin' helpin'" of damson preserves was a fantastic treat especially when it was made by the magical stroke of Grandmother's hands.

Grandmothers are gifted with a talent that allows them to prepare the best tasting snacks when they flavor it with an unrestrained portion of maternal **love**, and furthermore, they are allowed to serve it whenever they please without regard to spoiling the grandchild's dinner or in spite of anyone's objections. Subsequently, the best advice to Mom and Dad is take heed, relax, and don't think of questioning Grandmother's desire to arrange for treats at any unusual hour of the day. After all, this is Grandma's house and the set of rules that are followed now may be somewhat different from when Mom and Dad were children, and furthermore no kids ever suffered any adverse reaction to Grandma's bread and jelly.

Finally, the closing days of summer began to wane. The daylight minutes and hours steadily ticked away and became increasingly fewer as the temperatures started cooling and the morning dawn emerged rising on the brightening horizon and altered the nighttime sky from darkness to the budding light of an awakening new day. The hills, valleys, and fields that she knew so well were coated with glittering white frost unveiling a transformed landscape that grew into a breathtaking pastoral scene that the best camera still cannot adequately record. All through the pleasant days of autumn, the sky manifested a pure, peaceful blue appearance that was most aptly described in the poem penned by Helen Hunt **JACKSON** and entitled, "October's Bright Blue Weather", with the well-known lines that appear on page 36.

Throughout the approaching fall days the garden solemnly bade its last goodbye, and the tired sunflowers drooping with their weighty load of thickly packed seeds intuitively knew that winter was on its way, and they were spending their last days with

Flora, and the planting beds that they had dutifully guarded would soon be blanketed with a layer of snow. Like years before and since the beginning of time, the soil and seeds went to sleep for a well-earned interlude of respite. However, the cycle of nature fervently pledged that in a few more months, spring would return as promised, and the garden would be revived once again.

Hydrangeas and Geraniums

Vegetable growing was only one phase of Flora's pursuits in nurturing and fostering plant life. Her yard was filled with flowers that displayed an array of dazzling colors. Adjacent to the house, she grew a pair of colossal hydrangea bushes that bloomed liberally in late spring or early summer. The oversized blossoms were massive and flaunted a handsome sight to be admired by gaping onlookers passing on the street and sidewalk. At winter's end, left over geraniums were brought from the basement where they had been safely warehoused; and from time to time, Flora had given the parched dirt filled pots a splash of water during the cold weather to prevent their roots from drying out entirely. Using the greatest care they were placed strategically in the fresh air and sunlight to renew themselves by propagating new leaves and stalks and show off their crimson flowers enhancing the rest of the well-groomed, grassy lawn.

Funny Faces

Flora had a fascination for pansies exhibiting their wavering designs and constantly referred to them as "funny faces" instead of using the word pansy which was the more common term utilized by most people. Perchance, the funny faces, displaying their laughing black features sporting dark, thin whiskers on each cheek, were modestly returning the friendly smile that Flora showed them as they stared eye to eye in mutual admiration. Most likely in their private botanical chats with one another, the plants lovingly referred to Flora's good looks as funny face too, and for that reason both parties widely grinned at each other with a countenance that sustained their everlasting camaraderie. Regardless of the proper name, Funny Faces seemed much more appropriate and fitting and suited Flora's realm of thought better than the more formal scientific Latin label that identified the genus and species which was deemed as too much information by her. Besides when she said funny faces, the listener knew without question what she was talking about and the descriptive moniker did not create a gap or a loss to the conversation.

African Violets

Inside the house, Flora delighted in growing African violets that she placed on a shelf in a window where they received adequate light that was essential to their growth. The violets felt secure assured that Flora would continue to assiduously take care of their every desire and whim and returned the favor by sporting stunning masses of bloom with different shades of blue, purple, pink, and variegated patterns that spilled liberally over the edges of each clay container that was their assigned spot as they in turn made their finest effort to heighten the attractiveness of their surroundings. Blending with Flora's personal goods and possessions within the room, they aesthetically tied everything together to create the sacred environs that she warmheartedly called home.

Chrysanthemums

In the front of the house Flora had a row of chrysanthemums that were a vibrant addition to the landscape standing resolutely in front of the porch and extending around the side. Although Flora presently resides in a heavenly abode, she left a legacy of mums that continue to bloom under the watchful eye and superb care of Gloria and Emmett **CAPPER**, current owners of the house on Harrison Avenue. She is happy and content to know they have been graciously accepted as a gift that confirms and reflects her enduring generosity in sharing what she had with family and friends that were near and dear to her. Each day the multicolored spectacle still beckons to the people on the front walkway, who slow their step and pause briefly for a better look to marvel all over again at the flamboyant display as Flora did in a bygone day. It appears reasonable to envision that in paradise there is a bit of ground where she still delights in cultivating plants that on earth had been an awe-inspiring endowment that she had been granted the privilege of sharing with the Creator.



GRANDMOTHER FLORA

Flora was the grandmother of Jacqueline “Jackie” **UNGER DAVIS**, wife of the author and HCPD member Leonard **DAVIS**. She was born 22 October 1901 in Morgan County, WV, and died 11 March 1999 in Berkeley Springs, WV at the age of 97.

Her first husband was Thurman **UNGER** who was killed in 1928 when a State Road truck backed over him leaving her with four small children to raised. She worked very hard cleaning houses, hanging wall paper, working in restaurants, and doing anything she could to earn money to provide for her family. In her later years she worked from home quilting for people.

After her children were raised, she married Jacob Ellis **RANDALL**. After he died, she married again to Hiram William **FOX** who also preceded her in death.

October's Bright Blue Weather

By Helen Hunt Jackson



*O suns and clouds and skies of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour,
October's bright blue weather,*

*When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated thriftless vagrant,
And Golden-Rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant.*

*When Gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;*

*When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;*



*When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing.*



*When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;*

*When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.*

*O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Loved best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.*

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY

By Ann **BLEIGH POWERS**

When I retired I knew that I wanted to finally begin looking into my family history. Genealogy had long been an interest of mine, but I didn't know how to go about it. I decided to ask my local DAR for help and a woman with roots in Braxton Co. graciously took me on.

My sister, Jane **BLEIGH LUCAL**, had told me that some woman, she could not remember who, had told her that both our father's side and our mother's side went back to the same Lewis County family. I had no idea what family this could be, nor whether in fact this was true. It took many years of research before I found an answer to this statement.

My Braxton County friend looked in her Braxton County People and Places book and discovered that my father, James Cledith **BLEIGH's** grandmother was Julia Ann **HYRE** and she almost immediately found a DAR Patriot, Leonard **HYRE**. I joined the DAR through him. My father's father, James Oley **BLEIGH**, a long time Lewis County Clerk, did not know who his grandfather was so that line could be traced no further. The **HYRES** were not originally a Lewis County family.

My father's mother was Lucy Jane **HOUGHTON BLEIGH** whose father was Thomas Richard **HOUGHTON**, a Methodist preacher. His line could be traced no further than Job **HOUGHTON** who lived in the southern part of Lewis County, but there were no **HOUGHTONS** in my mother's family.

My grandmother **BLEIGH's** mother was Sarah Jane **COCHRAN**. It took me many, many years before I could trace this Pocahontas Co. family to Upshur Co. and then to Lewis Co. Sarah Jane **COCHRAN's** father, James **COCHRAN**, had joined the Union Army and was shot near Buckhannon by a sniper in 1863, leaving his wife, Mahala **BENNETT COCHRAN** with three young children to raise. It didn't appear that the **COCHRAN** family would tie in with my mother's family, but was there a connection with the **BENNETTS**?



Catherine Elizabeth
PETERSON JONES

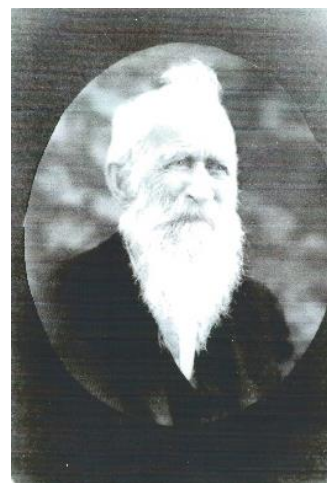
I knew more about my mother's line than my father's. My mother, Mary Elizabeth **OCHELTREE's** line, like my father's **BLEIGH** line, could not be traced back very far. I knew however that my grandfather, Judsoin Suiter **OCHELTREE's** family had begun in Greenbrier County and then moved to Braxton County. His grandmother's **WILLIAMS** line also began in Greenbrier County with one Ambrose **WILLIAMS** but could not be traced farther back. Furthermore, there were no **WILLIAMSES** in my father's family.

I then turned to my grandmother, X. Her parents, Samuel Clark **JONES** and Catherine Elizabeth **PETERSON JONES** and their eight children lived on their farm in Vandalia, Lewis Co. Samuel Clark **JONES** was just one-year-old when his parents, Henry **JONES** and Sally **EAGLE JONES** came over the mountains in 1841 from Highland County, VA and settled originally in Upshur Co. Sally **EAGLE's** family had moved from

Washington County, MD to Highland Co. and Sally's native tongue was German. They were certainly not originally a Lewis County family.

I then turned to my great grandmother, Catherine Elizabeth **PETERSON JONES**. There were no **PETERSONS** in my father's family. I thought that the idea of my sister and I going back to the same Lewis County family must be wrong. Then I went back farther on my gr [Grab your reader's attention with a great quote from the document or use this space to emphasize a key point. To place this text box anywhere on the page, just drag it.]

Great grandmother **PETERSON'S** line. And way back on her line, I found that Catherine **PETERSON JONES'** great grandmother was Mary **BENNETT PETERSON**, wife of William **PETERSON**. This couple first came to Lewis Co. in the early 1800s from Pendleton Co. with their eleven children and settled near the present day Vandalia.



Samuel Clark **JONES**

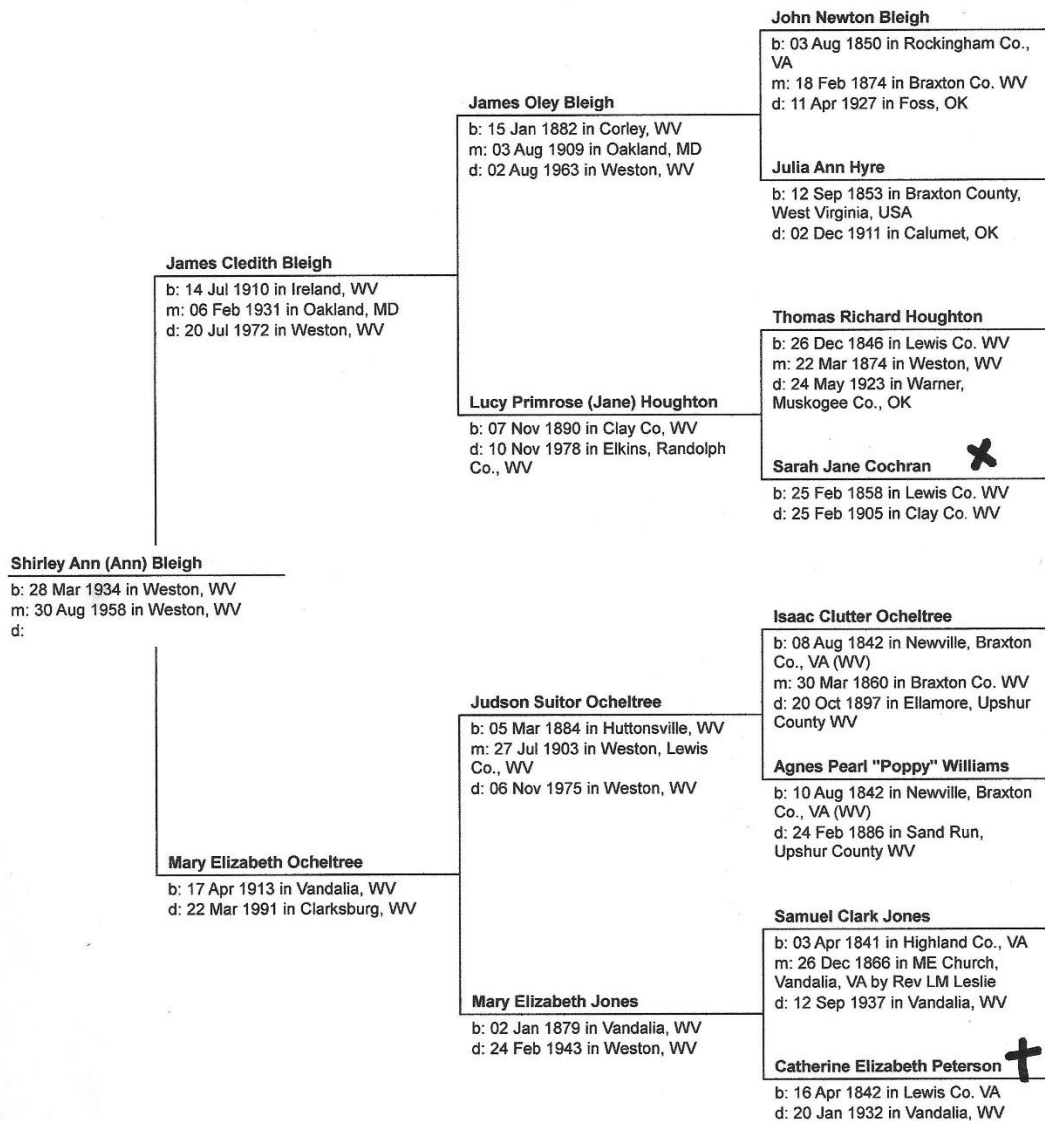
Mary **BENNETT PETERSON** was the half-sister of William **BENNETT**¹⁶ who settled in the Walkersville area with his wife, Rebecca **MCCAULEY BENNETT**, and their twelve children around 1801. My mother's connection to the **BENNETTS** went back to Mary **BENNETT PETERSON**, through her grandmother, Catherine **PETERSON JONES**. My father's connection was through his great grandmother, Mahala **BENNETT COCHRAN** whose father was Joseph **BENNETT**, son of William **BENNETT**. It took many years to unravel all of this, but now my sister and I know that the unknown genealogist of many years ago did indeed know her stuff. Both our mother and our father go back to **BENNETTS**.



This is the family of Samuel Clark **JONES** and Catherine **PETERSON JONES**, seated in front. Standing left to right are their children: Goff **JONES** and his twin Gay **JONES LINGER**, Mary **JONES OCHELTREE**, Retta **JONES HARPER**, Cora **JONES WELLS**, Ida **JONES CHIDESTER**, and Thaddeus "Tad" **JONES**. One son, J. Ralph **JONES** is missing. Identified by Ann **BLEIGH POWERS**

¹⁶ Children of Joseph **BENNETT** of Pendleton County.

**Pedigree Chart for
Shirley Ann (Ann)
BLEIGH POWERS**



**Sarah Jane Cochran**

b: 25 Feb 1858 in Lewis Co. WV
 m: 22 Mar 1874 in Weston, WV
 d: 25 Feb 1905 in Clay Co. WV

Joseph Bennett

b: 01 Apr 1805 in Lewis Co., Va.
 m: 22 Apr 1829 in Lewis Co, Va.
 d: 04 Dec 1880 in Roanoke, WV

William Bennett

b: 18 Sep 1775 in Pendleton Co. VA
 m: 04 Apr 1794 in Pendleton Co. VA
 d: 01 Mar 1857 in Walkersville, VA

Rebecca McCauley

b: 21 Oct 1776 in Pendleton Co. VA
 d: 05 Apr 1820 in Walkersville, VA

Mahala Bennett

b: 30 May 1836 in Lewis Co., VA
 d: 21 Jul 1896 in Lewis Co., WV

Lawrence Coleman

b: 1772
 m:
 d:

Mary Ann Coleman

b: 16 Nov 1806 in VA
 d: 29 Apr 1847 in Roanoke, VA

Susannah

b:
 d:

*half-siblings***William Peterson**

b: 07 Feb 1760 in Augusta Co, VA
 m: 24 Aug 1792 in Pendleton Co, (W)V
 d: 18 Oct 1837 in Big Skin Crk, Lewis Co, (W)V

Mary Elizabeth Bennett

b: 12 May 1770 in Pendleton Co, (W)V
 d: 1833 in Skin Creek, Lewis, West Virginia, United States; Age at Death: 63

Ezekiel Peterson

b: Nov 1793 in Pendleton Co, (W)V
 m: 19 Mar 1809 in Pendleton Co, (W)V
 d: 1814

Aaron Dolly Peterson

b: 24 Feb 1814 in Harrison (Lewis) Co, (W)V
 m: 03 Mar 1834 in Lewis, West Virginia, United States
 d: 17 Jul 1877 in Lewis, West Virginia, United States

Johan (John) Cornyackle Dolly

b: 1749 in Hessen, Germany
 m: 1779 in Virginia
 d: Aug 1847 in Pendleton Co, VA

Catherine Dolly

b: 25 Nov 1790 in Pendleton Co, (W)V
 d: 23 Apr 1868 in Lewis Co., WV

Mary Shoulders

b: 18 Mar 1767 in North Fork Hills, Pendleton Co, Virginia, United States
 d: 14 Oct 1838 in Pendleton Co, Virginia, United States

**Catherine Elizabeth Peterson**

b: 16 Apr 1842 in Lewis Co. VA
 m: 26 Dec 1866 in ME Church, Vandalia, VA by Rev LM Leslie
 d: 20 Jan 1932 in Vandalia, WV

QUERIES

1. I would love to discover an obituary for a John Henry **CLARKSON** who died in June, 1860. When John Henry **CLARKSON** was born on December 17, 1821, in Essex County, Virginia, his father, Benjamin, was 30 and his mother, Fanny (**GAMES**), was 22. He had five brothers and four sisters, all of whom lived in Upshur County, first and later William Johnson **CLARKSON** and Joseph Albert **CLARKSON** moved to Preston County. Mary **CLARKSON BUCHHOLZ**, 16249 MDU Loop, Belle Fourche, SD 57717 marybuchholz516@gmail.com
2. I have been working on my family tree for a few years now. The surnames I am searching are: **BEALL, COLLINS, DUMIRE, HITE, RADCLIFF**. Donna (**RADCLIFF**) **HARDMAN**, 38 Ringgold Lane, Morgantown, WV 26508 dshardman2010@comcast.net
3. Seeking direct female descendants of Joseph **BENNETT** {b. 12 May 1755 in New Jersey; d. 3 July 1802 in Pendleton County, (W)V} and his wife/wives. This is the same Joseph **BENNETT** mentioned in Footnote 17 on page 38. The purpose to is prove via mitochondrial DNA a claim in an historical Bible that Joseph was married twice. I have one female person who descends directly from Hannah **BENNETT HACKER**, purportedly the daughter of Joseph by Barbara Hannah **ELLSWORTH**. I would like to find another. I would also like to locate two direct female descendants from Joseph **BENNETT**'s oldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth **BENNETT PETERSON** as well as direct female descendants <daughters of daughters of daughters of daughters, etc> Anna Maria Elizabeth **HENKLE ELLSWORTH** (1713-1834) , wife of Moses **ELLSWORTH** who died Jan. 1802 on Cobuns Creek, Harrison County, now WV. Joy **GREGOIRE GILCHRIST STALNAKER DEFAZIO**, joy41941@frontier.com, 8017 Southern Avenue, Stonewood, WV 26301
4. Still desperately looking for living descendants of James **FLEMING** b c1740-1833 willing to take a DNA test. James **FLEMING** maybe b DE or PA; lived Frederick Co, MD; was LT and wounded in RevWar; after war moved to Hampshire Co, then to Harrison Co (part that became Taylor Co, WV) by 1798, where he died in 1833. Real and probable children include: James F **FLEMING** Jr 1773-1846 m Elizabeth **WELCH**; William **FLEMING**; John **FLEMING**; Mary **FLEMING**; Margaret **FLEMING** m Jacob **BRANDENBURG**; Edward **FLEMING** m Nancy **PRUNTY**; Emory D **FLEMING** m Rosannah **WHITEHAIR**. If you descend from any of these lines, please contact me. I will share cost of DNA test (from 50 to 100% depending on your Tree). Am willing to manage the kit and Matches – all I need is the DNA sample and a Tree of Ancestors. Jim Bartlett 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; jim4bartletts@verizon.net.

5. Still looking for living descendants of Thomas **NEWLON** c767-1813 willing to take a DNA test. Thomas **NEWLON** maybe b PA; lived Loudoun Co, VA until 1802, then Harrison Co. 1m c1793 Susan ____; 2m 1805 Sarah **STROTHER** (widow of Henry **POWELL**). His children include: Cecelia **NEWLON** b 1793 m Stephen **McPHERSON**; William **NEWLON** 1795-1881 m Elizabeth **POWELL**; John **NEWLON** 1798-1872 1m Isabella **YATES**; 2m Mariah **ALLEN**; maybe Wade Hampton **NEWLON** b c1800; Sarah **NEWLON** m Benjamin **WEST**; Susannah **NEWLON** b 1807 m William **BAILEY**; Peyton **NEWLON** 1807-1859 m Mary **SENCIL**; James **NEWLON** 1809-1881 m Rebecca **McDANIEL**. We have a growing group of descendants now, but need more. Will share cost of DNA test. Am willing to manage the kit and Matches – all I need is the DNA sample and a Tree of Ancestors. Jim Bartlett 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; jim4bartletts@verizon.net.
6. Looking for living descendants of Joseph **BUTCHER** 1806-1846 & Eunice **FISHER** 1810-1890 of Lewis Co, WV. You'd be my fourth cousins. Their children include: John W **BUTCHER** 1828-1910 m Eliza **GLAZE** 1830-1917; Joseph **BUTCHER** Jr d 1887 m Phoebe **NEFF**; Margaret **BUTCHER** b 1839 m c1859 Andrew **FELSHER**; Matilda **BUTCHER** m Harrison **REXRODE** and move west; Lucinda **BUTCHER** m Pete **BUSH**. Will share genealogy and cost of DNA tests. Jim Bartlett 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; jim4bartletts@verizon.net.
7. Looking for living descendants of Henry **GLAZE** 1804-1876 m 1827 Lewis Co, (W)VA Sophia **MEANS** 1808-1895 [they moved to Roane Co in the 1850s]. You'd be about my 4th cousins. Also looking for researchers of their ancestry. Their children include: Moriah **GLAZE** 1838-1903 m 1852 Philip **NICHOLAS** [to Chalhoun Co]; Isaac M **GLAZE** 1842-1922; m Sarah Jane **CLEVENGER** 1843-1920; Will share genealogy and cost of DNA tests. Jim Bartlett 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; jim4bartletts@verizon.net.
8. Am always looking for descendants of Thomas **BARTLETT** c1730-1804; 1m Ann; 2m Sarah **CARROLL**. Have researched descendants for 40 years and am willing to share. Children [all in Harrison Co unless noted] include: Susannah **BARTLETT** 1753-bef 1832 m c1770 Reuben **STROTHER** [lived Fauquier Co]; Elizabeth **BARTLETT** b 1754; 1m 1771 Sanford **CARROLL** d 1777; 2m Thomas **ASBURY**; William **BARTLETT** 1756-1825 m c1774 Sarah **HATHAWAY**; Thomas **BARTLETT** Jr 1757-1832 m c1783 Sarah [NOT RIDER]; John **BARTLETT** 1760-1804 m 1780 Anne **BARKLEY**; Robert **BARTLETT** 1762-aft 1816 1m?; 2m 1797 Susannah **HAYMOND** [moved to MO c1809]; Benjamin **BARTLETT** 1764-1824 m 1784 Mary Ann **HEATH CARROLL**; Nancy Ann **BARTLETT** b 1764; 1m 1779 MD Christopher **CHINN** c1760-c1786, 2m Thomas **HALL**

[lived KY]; Sarah **BARTLETT** c1765-bef 1816 m 1783 MD George **FOWKE** 1764-1814 [lived KY]; James **BARTLETT** 1771-1840; m 1790 Sarah **PHILLIPS** 1769-1846 [hotel in Clarksburg]; Sanford **BARTLETT** c1777-1817; m 1803 Anne **MAULSBY**; 2m Mary **COCHRAN SHANK**; Mary **BARTLETT** c1778m 1797 Benjamin **WELCH** c1775-aft 1850 [Taylor Co]; Permelia **BARTLETT** c1781-1818, m Andrew **McINTIRE** d 1815 [no known children]; Jesse **BARTLETT** c1785-c1816, m 1804 Lucinda **DAVISSON** [moved to MO]. Will share genealogy and cost of DNA tests. Jim Bartlett 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; jim4bartletts@verizon.net.

9. Joseph **ALLEN** b c1777; possibly in War 1812; d c1848. He lived most of his life in Monongalia Co, (W)VA. Where was he born? Some say he was an immigrant. Who did he marry? Looking for wife's first name and/or maiden name. Some say her name was Elizabeth **DORSEY**, some say Elizabeth **BRAND**. Was there a **DORSEY** or **BRAND** family in Monongalia Co, VA? I have this man as father of my ancestor Maria Campbell **ALLEN** b 1805 Monongalia Co, VA m 9 Mar 1833 Harrison Co, VA John **NEWLON**. If her father lived in Monongalia Co, how did Maria get to Harrison Co? Some say Joseph **ALLEN** died in Taylor Co, (W)VA. When did he move there? Is there a Will or other estate information? Is there a good list of his children? I would like to trace as many descendants as I can. And, as always, I'm looking for descendants interested in DNA testing. Jim **BARTLETT** 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; jim4bartletts@verizon.net.
10. My ancestor, John H **BARTLETT** 1804-1844 m 19 Nov 1827 Harrison Co, VA Sarah **FLEMING** 1809-1854. Looking for proof that Sarah **FLEMING** was dau of James F **FLEMING** Jr 1775-1846 & Elizabeth **WELCH** 1777-1847 who lived in the part of Harrison Co that became Taylor Co, VA. I am also looking for descendants of any of the siblings of Sarah **FLEMING** who might be interested in DNA testing. Siblings include: Susannah **FLEMING** m 1817 Peyton **LAKE**; Patrick **FLEMING** m 1825 Margaret **McDONALD**; Jemima **FLEMING** m 1825 William Brown **REYNOLDS**; Mary/Polly **FLEMING** m 1824 Samuel **BARTLETT**; Emily **FLEMING** b 1811; Minor Sylvester **FLEMING** m 1836 Matilda Ann **BARTLETT**; James **FLEMING** b 1819; Elizabeth C **FLEMING** m John G **CLEAVANGER**; and Benjamin James **FLEMING** b 1822. Jim **BARTLETT** 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; jim4bartletts@verizon.net.

INDEX

. BOWARD

Mr, 15

ALLEN

Joseph, 43
Maria Campbell, 43
Mariah, 42

ALLMAN

David D., 7
Edward Lee "Bud", 7
Orval Lee, 7
Sue Ann, 7
Wilma, 7

ALLMAN BROTHERS GROCERY STORE, 7

ALLMAN.

James R., 7

ASBURY

Thomas, 42

ATKINS

Carrie, 15
John, 14, 15

BAILEY

William, 42

BARKLEY

Anne, 42

Bartlett

Jim, 41, 42, 43

BARTLETT

Benjamin, 42
Elizabeth, 42
James, 43
Jesse, 43
Jim, 43
John, 42
John H, 43
Mary, 43
Matilda Ann, 43
Nancy Ann, 42
Permelia, 43
Robert, 42
Samuel, 43
Sarah, 43
Susannah, 42
Thomas, 42
William, 42

BEALL, 41

BENNETT

Hannah, 16, 41
Joseph, 16, 38, 41
William, 16, 38

BENNETT COCHRAN

Mahala, 37

BENNETT PETERSON

Mary, 38
Mary Elizabeth, 41

BISHOP UNGER RANDALL FOX

Flora Mae, 29

BLEIGH

James Cledith, 37
James Oley, 37
Jane, 37

BRAMBLE

Spencer Loyal, 27

BRAND

Elizabeth, 43

BRANDENBURG

Jacob, 41

BREWSTER

Ruth, 13

BUNNER

Genevieve, 27

BURTON

Dr. Marshall, 23
Dr. Sam, 23, 24

BUSH

Pete, 42

BUTCHER

John W, 42
Joseph, 42
Lucinda, 42
Margaret, 42
Matilda, 42

CARROLL

Sanford, 42
Sarah, 42

CARY

Sarah, 10

CHINN

Christopher, 42

CLARKSON

John Henry, 41
Joseph Albert, 41
William Johnson, 41

CLARKSON BUCHHOLZ

Mary, 41

CLEAVANGER

John G, 43

CLEVANGER

Berlin, 10
Gary Z., 10
Sarah Jane, 42

CLEVANGER MAJKA

Connie, 10

COCHRAN

James, 37
Sarah Jane, 37

COCHRAN SHANK

Mary, 43

COLLINS, 41

CONLEY

Lydia, 17

CONLEY TEETS

Lavern, 19

COOK

Roy Bird, 25

DAVIS

Leonard, 35

DAVISSON

Lucinda, 43

DAY

Frieda Gay, 7

DEFAZIO

Joy, 17, 20

DORSEY

Elizabeth, 43

DUMIRE, 41

EAGLE

Sally, 37

EAGLE JONES

Sally, 37

ECKERT

Barbara, 10

ELLSWORTH

Barbara Hannah, 41

EMBREY

Allan, 9
Angela, 9
Martha, 9
Raymond Lee, 9

FALKENSTINE

Rev. Craig, 9

FELSHER

Andrew, 42

FISHER

Dr. R. M. Dr. R. M., 22
Eunice, 42

FLEMING

Benjamin James, 43
Edward, 41
Elizabeth C, 43
Emily, 43
Emory D, 41
James, 41, 43

James F, 41, 43
Jemima, 43
John, 41
Margaret, 41
Mary, 41
Mary/Polly, 43
Minor Sylvester, 43
Patrick, 43
Sarah, 43
Susannah, 43
William, 41

FLINT
Betty J., 7

FOSTER
Mary, 10

FOWKE
George, 43

FOX
Hiram William, 35

FRANKLIN
Benjamin, 23

GAMES
Fanny, 41

GANDEE
Lee R., 10

GANDY
Mercy, 13
Uriah, 11

GASTON
Mr. J. L., 18

GILCHIRST DEFAZIO
Joy, 7

GLAZE
Eliza, 42
Henry, 42
Isaac M, 42
Moriah, 42

GRANT
Martha, 24

GREENE
Dr. W. H., 22

HACKER
John, 16
Jonathan, 16

HALL
Dr. E.W., 22
Thomas, 42
Warren, 18
William, 18

HANBACK
Mr., 14

HARDMAN
Donna (RADCLIFF), 41

HATHAWAY
Sarah, 42

HAWKINS
Mollie, 17

HAYES
Rutherford, 26

HAYMOND
Susannah, 42

HEATH CARROLL
Mary Ann, 42

HEDRICK
Eric, 16

HENKLE ELLSWORTH
Anna Maria Elizabeth, 41

HITE, 41

HORNER
Mary K., 7
Seymour, 17, 18

HOSAFLOOK
Madeline, 27

HOUGHTON
Job, 37
Thomas Richard, 37

HOUGHTON BLEIGH
Lucy Jane, 37

HUGHES
Jesse, 11, 12
Martha, 11
Mercy, 11

HURST
Barbara, 9
cAROLYN c, 9
Dorsey, 8
Elgin "Bud", 9
John Edward "Brooks", 9
June, 9
Ken, 9
Lora Ruth, 8
Neil, 9
Robert, 9
Willard, 9

HYRE
Calvin Scott, 10
John Dayton, 10
Julia Ann, 37
Leonard, 37
Reba Neil, 10
William, 10

JACKSON
Andrew, 14, 15
Cummins, 13
Nancy, 17
Stonewall, 14

JOHNSON
Charles M., 7
Lillian, 7
Neil, 7

JONES
Henry, 37

Samuel Clark, 37

King
John H., 20

KING
Dr., 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26
Mrs., 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27
Robert, 24
Wessie Price, 19
William, 23

KRIZEK
Bonnie, 9

LAKE
Peyton, 43

LIGGETT
Mr. T. J., 17

LINE
Ann L., 9
Conrad, 9
David, 9
Elizabeth, 9
Jeremy, 9
Larry, 9
Lindsey, 9

LINGER
Dennis, 18
Jimmy, 18

LOVE
Prudence, 10

LUCAL
Jane BLEIGH, 37

LUDWIG
Alexia, 9
Ashley, 9
Christopher, 9
Linda, 9
Taylor, 9

MAULSBY
Anne, 43

MCCAULEY BENNETT
Rebecca, 38

McDANIEL
Rebecca, 42

McDONALD
Margaret, 43

McINTIRE
Andrew, 43

MCKINLEY
Private William, 26

McPHERSON
Stephen, 42

MEANS
Sophia, 42

MEYERS
Linda B., 48

MINITOR
Michael, 9

NEFF
 Phoebe, 42
NEWLON
 Cecelia, 42
 James, 42
 John, 42, 43
 Peyton, 42
 Sarah, 42
 Susannah, 42
 Thomas, 42
 Wade Hampton, 42
 William, 42
NICHOLAS
 Philip, 42
NICOLES
 Catherine Roberta, 20
OCHELTREE
 Judsoin Suiter, 37
 Mary Elizabeth, 37
PARRISH
 Lillie, 8
PETERSON JONES
 Catherine, 38
 Catherine Elizabeth, 37, 38
PETERSON JONES'
 Catherine, 38
PHILLIPS
 Sarah, 43
PHIPPS REGER
 Cordie Ethel, 27
POWELL
 Elizabeth, 42
 Henry, 42
PRICE
 Martha, 20
PRITCHARD
 Mrs. Robert H., 13
PROUDFOOT
 Greta, 17, 19
 Paul Maize, 19
 Phaotis Boone, 19
PRUNTY
 Nancy, 41
RADCLIFF, 41
RALSTON, 25
RAMSBURG
 Hazel, 13
RANDALL
 Jacob Ellis, 35
REGER
 Clara Beth, 27
 Emery Clark, 27
 Ernie, 27
 Guy Bernell, 27
 Loyal C., 27
 Mavedell, 27
 Orvie, 27
 Tressie Louise, 27
 waldo, 27
REXRODE
 Harrison, 42
REYNOLDS
 William Brown, 43
ROBINSON
 Minnie Mae, 10
ROOD
 Alpheus, 10
 Jabez, 10
RYMER
 Willie, 20
SAYLER
 Jean Marie, 7
SAYRE
 Maxine, 27
SCHAUB
 Don, 8
SCHWEINBRATEN
 Angelique, 7
 Gustav Keith, 7
 Keith, 7
 Nathan, 7
 Taylor, 7
SCHWEINBRATEN ALLMAN
 Patricia Ann, 7
SENCIL
 Mary, 42
SMITH
 Cade, 7
 David, 17
 Dr., 18
 John, 17
 Marilyn Sue, 7
 Marshal, 17
 Mart, 18
 Nancy, 9
 Peydon, 7
 Tasman, 7
 Ty, 7
SPONAUGLE PETERSEN
 Rosemary, 10
STANDISH
 Captain Myles, 10
 Josiah, 10
 Mehitabel, 10
STROTHER
 Reuben, 42
 Sarah, 42
TAYLOR
 Hannah, 10
TEETS
 Noah, 19
TENNEY
 Ada, 27
TETER
 Granville, 17
TINSLEY
 Goldie, 27
TRINKLE
 Dr. E. A., 22
UNGER
 Thurman, 35
UNGER DAVIS
 Jacqueline "Jackie", 29, 35
WELCH
 Benjamin, 43
 Elizabeth, 41, 43
WEST
 Benjamin, 42
WESTFALL
 Ann, 8
 David, 8
 Deborah L., 8
 Dennis, 8
 Esther, 8
 Homer, 8
 Kathleen
 , 8
 Lydia, 17
 Paul, 8
 Salloy6, 8
WHITE
 Dowell, 14
WHITEHAIR
 Rosannah, 41
WILLIAMS
 Ambrose, 37
WILSON
 Martin, 18
WRIGHT
 Bonnie, 7
 IILLIAN, 7
YATES
 Isabella, 42

HACKER'S CREEK

PIONEER DESCENDANTS LIFE MEMBERS

The late Edward Lee Allman
Bertha Allman & the late Maurice Allman
Karen Kemp Arrington
The late Reva Winemiller Bennett
David Boggs
Dr. Daniel & Mary E.C. Flesher
 Bolovan
Julia Elizabeth Stalnaker Bragg
Joyce K. Brannon
Audrey A. Brenneman Brown
The late Francis & Ann Butcher
Matha Byrd & the late Earl Byrd
Charles Carder
David & Karen Cartwright
Joyce Chambers
Rebecca Choco
Russell & Myrna Clark
Janet I. Clemmons
Jerry Coffman
James & Dorothy Collins
The late Okey Paul & the late Nora
 Mae Corley
Pat Crawford & the late Bob
 Crawford
Ronna Cunningham
Irma Curtis & the late Carl Curtis
The late Anna Grace & the late
 Calvin Dehaven
Gene Edwards
James & Mary Alice Egan
The late Martha Embrey
Lynn Firebaugh
Ada Lee Fitz
The late Les Fury & the late
 Elizabeth Fury
Eva J. Gaines
The late Glenn & Rebecca Gamble
Jane Gilchrist
Joy Gilchrist-DeFazio &
 the late Charles Gilchrist
Dr. & Mrs. William G. Golden
Betty & Norman Graybill
Nettie & the late Ford Gregory
The late Arlof Gum
The late Mearle & the late Lolita Guthrie
The late Tressie Hacker
The late Betty J. Hamner
The late Jim & and the late Geneva

Hardman Hilliard
William F. & Susan Hayes III
Ione House
The late Ralph B. Hinzman, Sr.
Ralph & Twyla Hinzman
Lora Ruth Hurst
Betty Ingle
Nancy Ann Jackson
Jean Conley Jasper
Jerry A. Kay
Tammy King
Kristina Larson
Melinda Larson
Dr. Patricia Mace-Leonard &
 Cordell L. Leonard
The late Conrad & the late Ann Line
Miriam Looker
John & Barbara McCoy
William J. McKinney, Sr.
Ellie McClain Maroon
David N. Matthews, D.D.S., M.S.
Kelli Dawn Merk
Linda B. Meyers
Jean Moffitt
Duane & C. Sue Miles Nichols
Ralph Nichols
Arch & the late Rose Nissel
The late John O'leary, Jr.
Barbara Palmer
Joan Peters
Gayle **PETERSON**
The late Doris Poinsett
The late Ruth McCray Post
Carol Powell
Clarence I. & Lois Bartlett Price
Ardell Ratliff
Beecher & Betty Rhoades
Joe & Erseline Rumbach
Esther Dehaven Schilling
Neva R. Shaffer
Barbara Shaver
The late Rosella Sheets
The late Dot Sipe
* *New Life Member*

